



INTERSCOPE
COMMUNICATIONS, INC. / TITTLER FILMS

JUMANJI

Based on the book by Chris Van Allsburg

Screenplay

by

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Revisions by Carroll Cartwright & Topper Lilien

TriStar Pictures
Director: Joe Johnston

Shooting Draft:

- 09/25/94 - White
- 11/07/94 - Blue
- 11/30/94 - Pink
- 12/11/94 - Yellow
- 12/19/94 - Green
- 12/21/94 - Goldenrod
- 12/22/94 - Buff
- 01/05/95 - Salmon
- 01/11/95 - Cherry
- 01/16/95 - Tan
- 01/17/95 - White II
- 01/30/95 - Blue II
- 02/03/95 - Pink II
- 03/05/95 - Yellow II

FADE IN:

1 EXT. HEAVILY WOODED FOREST - STORMY NIGHT 1

A hellish nor'easter in a New England forest. A storm of terrible power and violence. Rain blowing horizontally, tree branches clacking, wind howling - a chilled-to-the-bone night, a gravedigger's night.

LIGHTNING cracks, illuminating a wagon and team of horses standing near the side of the road. The wild-eyed horses whinny nervously and stamp the ground. We hear SHOVELING SOUNDS and labored, frantic breathing as we SUPER:

NEW HAMPSHIRE, 1869

MOVING CLOSER, we see dirt flying out of a deep HOLE by the side of the road. Two SHOVELS are tossed out. A moment later, TWO TEENAGE BOYS in mud-covered 19th century clothing climb out of the hole. Rain beats down on their frantic, exhausted faces.

The older boy, CALEB, runs to the back of the wagon where he grabs a heavy TARP. Out of breath from digging, he rips the tarp away revealing an IRON LOCK BOX.

The younger boy, BENJAMIN, stays where he is, frozen in fear. His brother SHOUTS above the wind.

CALEB

Come on, Benjamin! We're almost rid of it.

Sick with fear, Benjamin helps Caleb drag the box to the hole. As they HEAVE it in, Benjamin LOSES HIS FOOTING in the wet dirt and slides into the hole right after it! He SCREAMS.

BENJAMIN

Caleb!

Benjamin's weight falls onto the lock box at the bottom of the grave-like hole. As if in response, we suddenly hear: A DRUMMING SOUND coming from within the box!

Benjamin freezes in terror, looking up at his brother. Caleb hears it, too. Hoarsely:

CALEB

Dear God - no... No..!

BENJAMIN

(hysterical)

It's after me!

1 CONTINUED:

1

Benjamin starts pawing at the loose dirt, trying to scramble out, but his feet keep slipping, as if whatever is inside the box were pulling him back down into the little grave!

Panicked, Caleb holds his arm out to his little brother.

CALEB

Grab on!

He pulls his brother out, almost losing his own footing in the process. The DRUMMING is even louder!

BENJAMIN

Run! RUN!

Caleb grabs his hysterical brother by the shoulders.

CALEB

No! We have to finish this! Come on! Help me bury it!

They frantically shovel dirt into the hole, the drumming growing fainter beneath it. Benjamin shouts above the howling wind:

BENJAMIN

What if someone digs it up?

Caleb sways on exhausted legs, his chest heaving.

CALEB

(a grim whisper)

May God have mercy on his soul.

Caleb whips the horse into flight and they hurtle down the road, past a granite mile post. A flash of lightning illuminates the post. Chiseled into it are the words:

BRANTFORD ---> 1 MI.

FADE TO BLACK.

Superimpose... "Brantford, New hampshire - One hundred years later"

FADE UP ON:

A HIGH ANGLE SHOT OF...

2 EXT. BRANTFORD - MAIN STREET - DAY 2*

A picturesque New England mill town. We FOLLOW ALAN PARRISH, a small, thin twelve-year-old, as he pedals along on his brand new Schwinn 3-speed past brick and clapboard buildings: a bakery, a florist, clothing store, etc.. MERCHANTS and PEDESTRIANS wave to him and greet him by name. *

A benign-looking COP spots Alan as he approaches a BUSY INTERSECTION - and holds up traffic for Alan to cross. He calls out his ritual greeting: *

COP
All yours, Alan! *

3 EXT. TOWN SQUARE - CONTINUOUS 3

He cuts through a SMALL PARK in the middle of the square - passing a HUGE BRONZE STATUE of Civil War General ANGUS PARRISH astride a horse.

HIDING BEHIND THE STATUE are FIVE TOUGH BOYS on FOUR BATTERED STINGRAY BIKES who see the opportunity they've been waiting for. The lead boy, BILLY JESSUP, lets out a war cry and - ZOOM! - the boys take off after Alan. *

BILLY
Prepare to die, Parrish! *

Alan's face twists with fear - and he leans into the pedals, pumping as if his life depended on it. *

BILLY
Hey, Parrish - what's the rush? *

3A EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY 3A

The boys are gaining. Alan frantically turns onto a road lined with oak trees.

4 *** OMIT 4

5 *** OMIT 5

6 EXT. MILLHOUSE/RIVERBANK 6

The boys have almost caught up. *

BILLY
Come on, Parrish - let's get it over with. *

Terrified, Alan gives that extra, final push and flies into the PARKING LOT OF A SHOE FACTORY, passing under an arch sporting a sign which reads: *

6 CONTINUED:

6

"PARRISH SHOES - FOUR GENERATIONS OF QUALITY"

*

The shoe factory is a renovated New England brick mill. Alan tosses down his bike and runs into the building just as the other boys pull up. They don't dare follow Alan into the factory. Frustrated, they scream after him.

BILLY

*

Go ahead - run to Daddy! We'll be waiting!

*

7 INT. "PARRISH SHOES" FACTORY - THAT MOMENT

7

Just inside the factory door, Alan leans against the wall, panting in exhaustion. *Still alive, for now.* He catches his breath and runs up the factory stairs.

*

*

8 INT. "PARRISH SHOES" - FACTORY FLOOR - DAY

8

Alan reaches the top of the steps - before him lies a cavernous factory as big as a football field, echoing with the din of machines. He skirts along a humming assembly line of LEATHER WORKERS cutting shoe pieces, assembling shoes, etc.

*

*

*

*

Then he sees something that makes him duck behind some machinery to hide - his FATHER, pipe in hand, coming down the line with a group of his MANAGERS. SAM PARRISH, is a forty-ish, 5th generation blueblood, with an air of great paternal authority. As he passes, we HEAR over the din:

*

*

*

*

*

SAM

*

... And tell them I'm sending back that last shipment of leather...

*

*

*

MANAGER

*

Why? It more than exceeded industry standards - and it saves us thousands of dollars...

*

*

*

SAM

*

You know I don't care about industry standards - it's Parrish standards, guys. Cost-cutting's fine, but if it compromises the product, you're cutting your own throat...

*

*

*

*

*

*

His VOICE fades as he passes out of FRAME - and the CAMERA comes to rest upon a 20-year-old black man, CARL BENTLEY, seated at a SHOE SOLE STAMPING MACHINE. His fingers move at lightning speed, cutting leather into soles, wasting as little as possible. Burned into his apron are the words "SOLE MAN."

*

*

*

*

*

BENTLEY'S POV... He sees Alan coming out from his hiding place and going over to the window.

*

*

8 CONTINUED:

8

BENTLEY

Hey, my man! How you doing?

Alan turns, startled.

ALAN

Okay, I guess...

BENTLEY

Hang on - I got something I want to show you.

He reaches under his workbench and pulls out a WOODEN TOOL KIT. Alan comes over as Bentley opens it.

INSIDE are tools of the trade: awls, various threads, etc. - and a VERY UNUSUAL SHOE: a canvas and leather HIGHTOP ATHLETIC SNEAKER decades before its time, almost a prototype for an Air Jordan, but it's logo-less and meticulously hand-crafted.

BENTLEY

I've been working on it for almost a year - and it's finally ready. I've got an appointment to show it to your father around closing time.

(handing it to Alan)

Take a look...

Alan does - turning it over in his hand.

BENTLEY

Well? You think he's gonna like it?

ALAN

I don't know... I mean, what... is it?

BENTLEY

What is it? It's the future! In five years, there's gonna be a pair of these in every closet in America! That shoe is going to be the height of fash -

He trails off, seeing that Alan's not listening, but glancing nervously towards the window instead.

BENTLEY

What's wrong?

ALAN

Nothing.

He's so unconvincing, Bentley goes over to the window and takes a look for himself.

8 CONTINUED: (2)

8

BENTLEY

Uh-oh - you got a problem...

HIS POV OUT THE WINDOW: Billy Jessup and gang loitering around the PARKING LOT.

Alan absently sets the athletic shoe down on an IDLE CONVEYOR BELT - and joins Bentley at the window.

ALAN

No kidding.

VOICE (O.S.)

Alan...

They turn to see Alan's FATHER with his troika of managers.

SAM

What are you doing here? How many times do I have to tell you this isn't a safe place for you?

ALAN

I wanted to see if you could give me a ride home...

SAM

Ohhhh - Billy Jessup again..?
(when Alan doesn't reply)
Son, you're going to have to face him sooner or later.

Alan glances at the Managers - he couldn't be more humiliated. They avoid his eyes.

ALAN

Dad -

SAM

And I know you'll do the right thing...
Because you're a Parrish.

He gives Alan a man-to-man pat on the back - then brusquely continues on his way, carrying on his conversation as if it had never been interrupted:

SAM

... As far as I'm concerned, if it's not good enough to put our name on, it's worthless... If the suppliers can't understand that...

8 CONTINUED: (3)

8

His voice fades away again. Alan's left there feeling very small - and Bentley's heart goes out to him.

BENTLEY

You want me to go down there and educate them for you?

BEHIND THEM, a WORKER starts the conveyer belt upon which Alan had set the ATHLETIC SHOE. Unnoticed by anyone, the SHOE starts down the belt towards a stamping machine.

Alan considers the offer: it sounds pretty good - but...

ALAN

No - you heard what my father said: I've got to do it myself.

And he walks off, disappearing down the stairs. Bentley sadly shakes his head - then steps to the window to watch the drama play out.

He suddenly spins around, HEARING a HACKING SPUTTER from the STAMPING MACHINE - and SHOUTING VOICES. His view of the commotion is blocked by a CROWD OF WORKERS. A KLAXON BEGINS TO WAIL! Bentley fights his way through - and sees...

SAM PARRISH struggling in vain to shut the machine down. It's in overdrive, stamping double-time - WHAM! WHAM! WHAM! It starts vibrating, then begins to SHUDDER and SMOKE. The factory lights dim. Bolts fly. The blade snaps. The machine goes dead.

Sam, his professional calm barely concealing his rage, pops the machine open - and pulls out...

A GNARLED HANDFUL OF LEATHER AND CANVAS STRIPS. Bentley swallows hard, his expression so filled with shock and guilt, Sam immediately knows he's somehow responsible. He fixes Bentley with a lethal stare. Bentley offers his boss a queasy smile.

9 EXT. "PARRISH SHOES" - MEANWHILE

9

Alan, looking extremely vulnerable, walks out the factory door, chanting mantra-like under his breath:

ALAN

I'm a Parrish, I'm a Parrish...

The Bullies watch silently from across the road as he picks up his bike and starts towards them as if walking to his doom.

9A EXT. ACROSS THE ROAD FROM THE FACTORY

9A*

As Alan gets close, he tries not to look afraid - but it's a losing battle.

BILLY

You know, just because you're a Parrish doesn't mean you can hang around with my girlfriend.

ALAN

You mean Sarah? But... we've always been friends.

BILLY

Not anymore.

The bullies all GUFFAW. Alan shakes his head sadly, then walks bravely into the road, hoping for the best - but they're ON HIM immediately...

ANOTHER ANGLE...

As the boys start whaling him, the CAMERA, near ground level, DOLLIES over to something we've seen before - something which blocks our view of the fight (which we HEAR going on): the frame is filled with the "BRANFORD ---> 1 MI." marker, now weather-worn and covered with moss.

10 EXT. DITCH

10*

Alan suddenly comes FLYING into FRAME as he's tossed into a ditch on the side of the road....

The bullies mount their bikes, Billy now riding Alan's SCHWINN - and they WHOOSH past, laughing and jeering. A few moments later, Alan climbs from the ditch, sporting a black eye, a split lip and a ripped and bloodied shirt.

He looks at the bullies merrily zig-zagging back and forth across the road as they disappear into the distance...

ALAN

Jerks.

... Then he looks up at the factory window to see if his father has at least watched him - but there's nobody there.

Trying hard not to cry, he brushes himself off and starts off down the road - then stops when he HEARS:

A strange, supremely exotic DRUMMING SOUND. He looks around - and the drumming stops. Worriedly, he shakes his head and continues on - but a few steps later...

10 CONTINUED:

10

... he hears the DRUMMING again. He puts his fingers in his ears, wondering if he's suffered a concussion, but the drumming only gets louder, as if beckoning him. After a few moments, he gives in - and starts walking towards it.

11 EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - A MINUTE LATER

11

He ducks past a large sign reading "FUTURE EXECUTIVE OFFICES OF PARRISH SHOES."

BULLDOZERS and BACKHOES are excavating a huge HOLE for the foundation of the new offices. The DRUMS continue. Alan walks to the edge of the hole as CONSTRUCTION WORKERS obliviously go about their business. Are they all deaf?

A LOUD TRUCK HORN sounds - and they drop their tools, heading for the SNACK TRUCK which has driven onto the site. Alan takes the opportunity to walk down into the hole.

12 INT. HOLE

12

He walks through a maze of concrete forms and dirt embankments, following the sound of the DRUMS, to the spot where it's loudest. He puts his ear to the wall of dirt.

13 AT THE EDGE OF THE HOLE:

13

An ARCHITECT and a CONTRACTOR are watching.

CONTRACTOR
What the hell is he doing?

ARCHITECT
That's Parrish's boy - your kid's going to be working for him some day.

As ALAN burrows into the dirt wall, the ARCHITECT and the CONTRACTOR shake their heads and walk away.

14 BACK IN THE HOLE - ALAN

14

exposes a rusty iron handle, then the end of a RUSTY IRON LOCK BOX. Alan grabs the handle and pulls. Alan and the box fall - WHUMP! - to the floor of the hole.

The DRUMS instantly stop.

Alan looks at the lock box. It's a curious thing. Very old and mysterious. Alan sees a SHOVEL nearby. He picks it up and smashes the lock. It's rusty and falls off easily

He throws open the lid. The contents are utterly anti-climactic. The lock box is filled with..... SAND.

14 CONTINUED:

14

ALAN, disappointed, begins walking up out of the hole...The DRUMS begin again.

Alan stops cold - then returns to the box and buries his hands in the sand. They hit something. He wrestles out A WOODEN BOX.

It looks like a chess or backgammon board, the fold-up kind, with brass hinges and clasp. It's decorated with jungle animals, landscapes, and a great white hunter in a pith helmet. In elaborate and fanciful type is the word JUMANJI.

Alan shakes the box. Things RATTLE inside. He undoes the clasp and opens...it...ever...so...slightly

...and catches a glimpse of glorious, rich color.

But VOICES approach! He snaps the box shut and hurries out of the hole.

15 EXT. PARRISH HOME - DAY

15

A large, grand, Georgian revival mansion.

Still sore from his encounter with Billy, Alan walks up the elegant entry steps of the Parrish mansion, carrying the box.

16 INT. PARRISH HOME - FRONT HALL

16

Alan opens the impressive front door gently, closing it quietly behind him. Standing in the lofty entry hall, he looks right and left to see if he's alone. Clutching the box to his chest, he walks on cat feet into the living room.

17 INT. PARRISH HOME - LIVING ROOM

17

He enters the immense, high-ceilinged room and sits on the couch with the box on his lap. Taking a deep breath, he unhooks the latches and opens it again, finding what looks like a BOARD GAME inside.

ALAN

Wow.

It's carved, hand-crafted: four paths of BLANK SQUARES wind across the board and end at an onyx-like lens at the center. The illustrations are in a hyperbolic circus poster-style. There's a SIDE COMPARTMENT for TOKENS and DICE.

*
*
*

Alan picks up a token: it's carved, like a miniature African totem. Fascinated, he brings it up for closer inspection. His MOTHER'S VOICE brings his head around with a snap.

17 CONTINUED:

17

MRS. PARRISH (O.S.)

Alan? Are you home?

He puts the token down and looks toward the door. As his hand withdraws, the token is sucked SHUUMP into place (Alan does not see this) at the beginning of the jungle path.

Alan bangs the game board shut and stashes it under the couch - just as the lovely CAROL PARRISH appears in the doorway. She takes in Alan's dirty, fight-scuffed face.

CAROL

Oh, Alan - not again.

18 INT. PARRISH HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

18

An endless mahogany table. ALAN is alone, sullenly toying with his dinner, looking very small. Outside in the foyer, he hears his father's VOICE approaching:

SAM (O.S.)

Hard work, determination, and a cheerful outlook...

An oh-no look comes over Alan's face, as he fears his father is coming to lecture him on the Yankee virtues. An endless mahogany table.

19 INT. STAIRCASE / FOYER - THAT MOMENT

19*

Sam Parrish, wearing a tuxedo, descends the staircase, talking to himself:

SAM

... attributes that have exemplified the Brantford spirit since our forefathers first settled this town.

As he speaks, he crosses the foyer to where Carol, dressed in an evening gown, stands at a mirror in the foyer, adjusting an earring. He appears behind her in the mirror.

SAM

Despite the granite of our soil, and the harshness of our native clime, we have... we have... Oh, hell - what?

CAROL

... prospered...? persisted...?

SAM

I knew the whole thing this morning.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

He yanks some index cards out of his pocket, and riffles through them.

CAROL

I've never seen you so nervous before a speech.

He casts a miserable glance towards the dining room where they can see Alan alone at the table. She turns and adjusts Sam's tie.

CAROL

Well, darling - if you can face the town council, you can certainly face your son.

20 INT. DINING ROOM

20

Alan watches his parents enter the dining room.

SAM

Well, we're on our way...

ALAN

Okay.

CAROL

Alan, I told your father what you told me this afternoon... That it wasn't just Billy Jessup.

Alan shrugs. Carol gives Sam an encouraging look.

SAM

If I'd known that, I wouldn't have...

He falters, his manner extremely awkward, unlike his bluff self-assured air at the factory. Letting his father off the hook:

ALAN

It's okay, Dad.

Sam glances at Carol, who nods at him, urging him on.

SAM

... But I wanted you to know how proud I am of you - you faced them even though you were outnumbered... And since you took it like a man...

He pulls a BROCHURE from his inside pocket and sets it on the table before Alan as if it were a birthday present.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

He pulls a BROCHURE from his inside pocket and sets it on the table before Alan as if it were a birthday present.

SAM

... your mother and I have decided that you're ready to go to The Cliffside Academy For Boys. You proved it today.

Carol leans down and gives Alan a kiss.

CAROL

Congratulations, sweetheart.

Alan just sits there a long moment...

ALAN

... You don't want me living here anymore.

CAROL

Oh, Alan - how could you possibly think such a thing?

ALAN

You're ashamed of me getting beat up all the time.

SAM

I just told you how proud I am of you, son.

(off Alan's lack of response)

And it's always been the plan that you'd go to Cliffside when you were ready. I mean, Parrishes have been going there since the seventeen-hundreds. Okay?

Feeling trapped, Alan pulls a PAIR OF GLASSES from his pocket and studies the brochure.

ALAN

Look at this - "Parrish Hall."

SAM

It's the main dormitory.

ALAN

Great. The kids are on my case here because I'm a Parrish - wait'll I'm living in a building named after me.

SAM

(as if Alan were blaspheming)
It was named after my father.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (2)

20

ALAN

Good - why don't you live in it?

SAM

(stiffly)

I did. And I wouldn't be who I am today if it weren't for my years there.

ALAN

So?

SAM

Now don't get smart with me, Alan.

ALAN

I'm not. Maybe I don't want to be who you are! Maybe I don't even want to be a Parrish!

Sam's face starts to turn white with anger. Carol rests a hand on his arm to calm him - but:

SAM

Believe me, you won't be - not til you start acting like one!

Alan watches his father stalk to the door.

ALAN

So I guess I'm not ready to go to Cliffside, then.

Sam turns - now he's really angry.

SAM

We're taking you there next Sunday - and I don't want to hear another word about it.

ALAN

You won't! I'm never going to talk to you again!

Sam is completely stunned. After a moment, he signals Carol out the door, and stalks out after her, firmly shutting the door - leaving Alan at the table, tears in his eyes. He RIPS the brochure in pieces.

(CONTINUED)

21 EXT. CIRCULAR DRIVEWAY THAT MOMENT

21

Sam and Carol climb into their car. Carol looks at him, shaking her head at the turn of events. Sam, still angry, throws up his hands, then starts the car.

22 INT. ALAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 22
The CLOSET DOOR flies open. Alan grabs a suitcase, throws open a drawer and flings some clothes in. Off the top of a chest of drawers, he grabs his watch, some change and a boy scout- style knife.

23 *** OMIT 23

24 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 24
Alan grabs the peanut butter and the cookies out of the cupboard and throws them into the suitcase, closing the bag with finality. Now he's ready.

25 INT. PARRISH HOME FRONT HALL - NIGHT 25
Suitcase in hand, Alan heads for the front door - then stops, remembering something. He turns, hurrying towards the LIVING ROOM.

25A INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 25A
He pulls the GAME BOX out from under the couch where he'd stashed it, shoving into the suitcase and hurrying from the room. *

25B INT. ENTRY WAY - NIGHT 25B
As he heads for the front door, he's startled by the the DOOR KNOCKER knocking. He frantically looks around for a place to hide the suitcase, lamely settling for behind a side table. *
The knocker knocks again. Alan quickly composes himself, then opens the front door - and is surprised to see... *

26 EXT./INT. PARRISH HOME - FRONT STOOP AND FOYER 26
... SARAH WHITTLE, a pretty 13-year-old. Alan's bike stands on the sidewalk behind her.

ALAN
What... are you doing here? *

SARAH
I brought you your bike back. *

ALAN
You didn't have to - I was just going to get it myself. *

But she isn't listening; to Alan's embarrassment, instead, she's looking at his black eye and fat lip. *

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

SARAH
Are you okay?

ALAN
Yeah.
(after an awkward pause)
I have to go now.

SARAH
I TOLD Billy to stop picking on you...

ALAN
Well, you shouldn't have wasted your
breath...
(starting to squeeze past her)
But maybe we should talk about this some
other time...

Sarah's just about to reply, when the DRUMS suddenly sound,
echoing ominously throughout the room. She and Alan freeze.
After a moment:

SARAH
What was that?

Alan looks at her, his face a mixture of surprise and intense
interest.

ALAN
You heard it, too?

SARAH
Of course I heard it - you think I'm deaf?
What was it?

ALAN
(after thinking for a moment)
... Can you keep a secret?

Sarah scrutinizes him for a moment - then slowly nods.

SARAH
Yeah - I can keep a secret.

This time, it's Alan who does the scrutinizing. Eventually:

ALAN
I found this really weird game outside the
factory...

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (2)

26

SARAH
(disappointed)
A game?

*
*
*

27 INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

27

As Alan heads for the couch...

The DRUMS grow louder. He pulls the game out of the suitcase, revealing the board and dice. (The token he put down earlier is still on the starting point, although he doesn't notice it.)

ALAN

It's so weird... I mean, where does the drumming come from?

SARAH

(coming into the room)

It's probably a tape recorder or a record player or something like that.

While Alan reads the instructions on the folding cover, SARAH picks up the DICE, disdainfully examining them.

ALAN

(reading)

"JU-MAN-JI, a game for those who seek to find; a way to leave their world behind."

(scanning board)

The first to get to the end of the path and yell "Jumanji" wins.

SARAH

I quit playing board games five years ago.

And she dismissively tosses the dice down onto the board.

They land "4" and "2". Sarah turns to walk away - but suddenly her TOKEN advances to the sixth square. The DRUMS stop.

Sarah and Alan look at the board, then at each other.

ALAN

It's gotta be magnetized, or something...

Sarah looks at the board again - and her eyes go wide.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

SARAH

Alan - look.

IN THE BLANK SPACE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BOARD - WORDS ARE APPEARING, LIKE INVISIBLE INK IN REVERSE.

ALAN

"At night they fly, you better run, these winged things are not much fun."

The letters fade away. A moment passes. We HEAR a FLAPPING, FLUTTERING sound in the FIREPLACE. Sarah whirls around, spooked:

SARAH

What was that?

Alan is holding the dice. He's scared.

ALAN

I don't know...

SARAH

(turning to him in a panic)
Put it away, Alan.

ALAN

All right, all right - I'm doing it!

Suddenly the enormous GRANDFATHER CLOCK against the wall begins to chime: GONG... GONG... GONG...

It spooks them both - and Alan drops his dice onto the board. They land "2" and "3". The OTHER TOKEN starts to move.

ALAN

Oh, no!

(reading lettering)

"In the jungle you must wait, until the dice read five or eight."

(unnerved)

In the jungle you must wait... What's that mean?

SARAH

(in a terrified shriek)

Alan, what's happening to you?

He doesn't realize it, but he's turning to SMOKE - dematerializing, vaporizing right in front of her!

27 CONTINUED: (2)

27

ALAN

What do you mean? Nothing's
happening to...

Alan looks down at his body - and SCREAMS as his body gets
sucked into the game as a tendril of smoke.

ALAN

(fading away)

What - what - YAHHHH!

And he's gone. Sarah is completely terrified: Alan Parrish is
gone.

She scans the living room, trembling - then looks at the game
board, her eyes widening in terror.

INSERT - THE CENTER OF THE GAME BOARD... There, in miniature,
is a WINDOW into an exotic world: we glimpse green foliage and a
river, and HEAR cawing birds. From the same area, we also HEAR:

ALAN (V.O.)

(very distantly)

Sarah! Sarah...!

The window begins to fade away - and ALAN'S VOICE with it.

SARAH

Alan? ALAN!!??

Inside the living room the FLAPPING NOISE is louder; it sounds
like BEATING WINGS. It grows still louder.

A HUNDRED BATS fly from the fireplace, hovering, diving at Sarah.
She SCREAMS, running into the FRONT HALL, tripping and falling
to the carpet. A BAT lands on her shoulder - and hideously
SMILES at her. Sarah SCREAMS uncontrollably.

BATS dive-bomb her, hitting her head and shoulders. She crawls
to the FRONT DOOR, somehow opening it. She runs from the house,
stumbling blindly as...

A FLURRY OF OILY BLACK WINGS rushes from the house. CAMERA
HOLDS on the scattering BATS, then DOLLIES TO...

THE GRANDFATHER CLOCK. The CHIMING ceases and the PENDULUM
sloowly swings to a stop - and we...

DISSOLVE TO:

28 INT. PARRISH HOUSE - LIVING ROOM, FOYER, FRONT HALL

28

The SAME PENDULUM, but its burnished brass is now green with tarnish; the glass face is cracked. CAMERA DOLLIES AWAY from the clock through the living room. All the furniture is covered in sheets. Cobwebs and dust, etc....

CAMERA continues DOLLYING to the FRONT DOOR. We hear footsteps coming up to the house - then...

WOMAN 1 (V.O.)

I'm glad you decided to buy this place - I think a bed and breakfast is just what this town needs.

WOMAN 2 (V.O.)

Well, it was hard to turn it down at this price. Especially full of furniture..

We hear a KEY in the lock - then the door opens, revealing TWO WOMEN: a sharply dressed REALTOR, 40, and her client NORA SHEPHERD, mid-30's, a slightly high-strung woman with a kind emotional face. She's wearing a pink big-buttoned wool Gucci coat.

Nora and the Realtor step inside. Nora turns slowly, taking it all in. She gazes at the imposing, dust-covered FOYER, awed by the soaring ceiling above her.

NORA

Boy - I keep forgetting how big this place is...

(calling over her shoulder)

Judy, Peter - come look at this!

Two sullen-faced children come through the doorway: 12-year-old JUDY SHEPHERD - and her 8-year-old brother, PETER.

NORA

(to Realtor)

I'm going to put a reception area right here, and a bar over here in the parlor...

REALTOR

That sounds lovely. I'm sure you and your kids are going to be very happy here.

NORA

(quietly)

Actually, they're my late brother's. He and his wife passed away four months ago.

28 CONTINUED:

28

The children look around at the spider webs and the sheet-covered furniture - and then back at each other.

NORA

(to the children)

Is this something, or what?

JUDY

It sure is.

Judy and Peter walk into the living room, exploring. The mantle, the windows, the sheet-covered furniture.

The Realtor tries to make points with Nora. She goes to Peter with her Colgate smile and baby-talks him.

REALTOR

So - what do you think, young man? Is it big enough for you?

Peter doesn't say anything. He just walks out of the room.

JUDY

Peter hasn't spoken a word since it happened.

REALTOR

Oh. Oh, my...

(smarmily, to Nora)

I'm so sorry - how terribly awful.

Nora nods, and walks off to inspect. But Judy has overheard, and scowls briefly before she turns to the Realtor with a heartfelt, sincere expression:

JUDY

It's okay - we barely knew our parents. They were always away - skiing in St. Moritz, gambling in Monte Carlo, safariling in darkest Africa... We didn't know if they even loved us, but when the Sheik's yacht went down...

(the Realtor leans in eagerly)

... they managed to write us a really beautiful goodbye note which was found floating in a champagne bottle amongst the debris.

And she walks away down the hall, the stunned Realtor staring after her. Nora, who has overheard, confides to the Realtor as she passes her.

28 CONTINUED: (2)

28

NORA

They were very devoted parents... It was a
car wreck in Canada...

29 INT. PARRISH HOUSE HALLWAY / LIBRARY THAT MOMENT

29

Peter is alone in the library - a fabulous room, huge fireplace,
floor-to-ceiling books and an adjacent solarium. He sees an
odd-shaped, sheet-covered LUMP.

NORA (O.S.)

You'll send me the copies of those escrow
papers?

REALTOR (O.S.)

First thing tomorrow. I know you'll all be
snug as bugs here.

Concurrent with the Realtor's words, Peter pulls the sheet all
the way off a BRONZE BUST OF ANGUS PARRISH. The stern, hollow
eyes stare down at little Peter. He blanches. Yup, this is a
great house, all right.

30 INT. PARRISH HOME - 2ND FLOOR CORRIDOR - HOURS LATER

30

A long corridor serving several rooms, with boxes stacked
everywhere. Judy unpacks a suitcase as Peter comes up the
stairs with a box.

Nora is at a LOCKED DOOR at the end of the hall, frustratedly
trying several keys in its lock.

NORA

Have to get a locksmith out for this one.

Nora gives up and moves away from the door. Peter ducks his
head down and looks curiously through the keyhole.

31 PETER'S POV - THROUGH KEYHOLE - THE LOCKED ROOM

31

We glimpse a picture frame on the wall and a trophy.

32 BACK TO SCENE

32

NORA

Okay, you kids - let's get this all
cleaned-up. Peter, take that suitcase up
to the attic, honey - then we can all have
ice-cream...

(sotto, to herself)
...and bourbon.

33 INT. PARRISH ATTIC - THAT MOMENT

33

The attic door creaks open. Peter lugs the suitcase inside. He takes a few tentative steps into the attic and turns on his flashlight.

ANGLE FROM ABOVE... We're looking down on PETER from above a JOIST, from which various things dangle from nails: coats, an old hammock, car blankets and the like...

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We SEE him pass the flashlight beam over shrouded furniture, trunks, scary old Family Portraits, etc....

*
*

Suddenly, in the FOREGROUND, something hanging from the joist spreads what appears to be an ENORMOUS PAIR OF WINGS - WHOOSH! - blocking our view of Peter altogether!

*
*
*

34 BACK IN THE HALLWAY...

34

Nora and Judy straighten suddenly - as they HEAR Peter's TERRIFIED SCREAM!

Peter comes shooting out the attic door, which he slams behind him. He leaps into his aunt's arms, almost knocking the breath out of her.

NORA

What?

Judy looks at her brother keenly - just as something in the attic makes a muffled THUD. They all look up at the ceiling.

JUDY

I'm going to Motel 6.

NORA

Oh, for heaven's sake.

CUT TO:

35 THE ATTIC DOOR...

35

We follow into the attic.

Again, a small noise from the attic. BUMP.

Nora retreats and SLAMS the door shut. As she passes the kids on the stairs:

NORA

Maybe I'll get somebody over here to take a look in the morning.

36 INT. JUDY'S ROOM - HOURS LATER - NIGHT

36

Judy is in her bed, wide awake, listening to the faint sound of JUNGLE DRUMS. They seem to come from above. She stares up at the ceiling for a moment longer, then climbs out of bed. As she walks out of her room, the drums begin to fade.

37 INT. PETER'S ROOM - MINUTES LATER.

37

Judy enters Peter's room. He's also awake, looking at a SNAPSHOT OF HIS PARENTS. He quickly throws the photograph in a drawer and closes it.

JUDY

Move over.

Peter scoots over as Judy gets in beside him.

JUDY

Did you hear anything a little while ago?

Peter's thinking of the drums, but decides not to mention it.

JUDY

(casual)

Me, neither.

Peter turns over to face his sister. In a soft voice:

PETER

I miss Mom and Dad. Do you?

JUDY

(softly as well)

No.

PETER

Liar... If you don't cut it out, you're gonna get sent to a shrink.

JUDY

Where do you think they're going to send you if you don't start talking.

Peter turns back over on his side. Judy sighs, then spoons him and they close their eyes. A moment later, the JUNGLE DRUMS begin to beat again.

Their eyes snap open. Neither child says a word. Judy moves closer to her brother. Peter pulls the sheet very slowly up to his chin.

38 EXT. PARRISH HOUSE NIGHT

38

The Parrish house looks ghostly in the light of the full moon.

DISSOLVE to MORNING. An EXTERMINATOR TRUCK pulls up in the driveway.

39 INT. PARRISH HOUSE ATTIC - MORNING

39

A large space with a complicated ceiling crammed with a century's accumulation of Parrish family junk: dress forms, instrument cases, old furniture, etc. It is dimly-lit by shafts of light coming from a few dormer windows.

A uniformed EXTERMINATOR is poking around the corners with a flashlight. He turns around as Judy and Peter enter.

EXTERMINATOR

I don't see any guano.

Peter is holding out his encyclopedia Britannica to a PHOTOGRAPH of an AFRICAN BAT. The Exterminator studies it and chuckles.

EXTERMINATOR

That's an African bat, son. See? See?
Says so right there. We don't get bats
like that in New England.

JUDY

But that's what he saw.

EXTERMINATOR

Well, whatever it was is gone now... Bats
aren't what I'd worry about in this house
anyways.

*
*
*

The Exterminator continues checking around the attic.

JUDY

(uneasy)

What would you worry about?

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*
*

EXTERMINATOR

Well, personally, I wouldn't want to live
in a house where someone was murdered.

Peter and Judy stare at each other.

JUDY

Murdered?

The Exterminator pokes around the rafters with his flashlight.

EXTERMINATOR

Yup - little Alan Parrish. He just
 vanished 'bout twenty-five years ago.
 Some say it was kidnap, but nobody ever
 came around asking for money.

(lowers his voice)

I say his father did it - and it's a
 shame, too, because the Parrishes used to
 be quite a family round here... But he was
 having trouble with the kid - and one day
 he just lost it... You can bet if it
 hadn'ta been a Parrish, the cops woulda
 torn this place apart looking for the
 remains - but seeing how the family
 practically owned the town, they got
 special treatment.

(peering around the attic)

There's a thousand and one places he
 coulda hid the body in this house -
 'specially if he chopped it up first.

The kids listen to this story with their mouths hanging open.
 NORA calls from the bottom of the attic stairs.

NORA (O.S.)

Hey, up there! You don't want to be late
 for your first day of school!

The Exterminator comes out on the landing.

EXTERMINATOR

Not a bat in sight, Ma'am.

NORA (O.S.)

See, kids? There's nothing in this house
 to be afraid of.

Up in the attic, Judy and Peter just look at each other.

40 EXT. CLASSROOM IN BRANTFORD JUNIOR HIGH - DAY

40*

MRS. KIELY, a drab, smiling woman, sits before her sixth grade
 homeroom.

MRS. KIELY

Class - we have a new member this year,
 all the way from Philadelphia.

Judy, seated in the center, begins to squirm - as...

MRS. KIELY

Judy, why don't you stand up and tell us a
 little about yourself?

40 CONTINUED:

40

Judy looks at the sea of strange FACES, then gets slowly to her feet, clearing her throat.

JUDY

Ummmmmmmm, my name is Judy Shepherd, and uh... my brother and I just moved to Brantford to stay with our Aunt, because...

(faster, as inspiration strikes)
... my parents were abducted by Maoist guerrillas in Papua New Guinea, where they were researching these strange new rain forest viruses. They were warned not to go in because the political situation was so unstable - but they felt that in the name of science, it was their duty...

MRS. KIELY's smile begins to go strained. As Judy continues:

CUT TO:

40A EXT SCHOOLYARD - RECESS

40A

Judy's in full gear, surrounded by a circle of mesmerized SCHOOLMATES. Peter's there, too - staring at the ground.

JUDY

... so because of the top secret nature of their work, the rescue mission was called off until the State Department figures out a way to keep the whole thing quiet.

She smiles. Most of the kids are enthralled - except for a few skeptics.

SKEPTICAL GIRL

If they were so concerned about keeping it quiet, why'd they tell you?

JUDY

Well, they didn't... As far as they're concerned, the whole thing never happened, but this CIA operative -

BEEFY BOY

She's lying. My mom sold them their house and told me all about it: her parent's aren't scientists - they're dead.

For a moment, all the children are completely silent - then Peter FLIES at the Beefy Boy in a blind rage.

40A CONTINUED:

40A

JUDY

Peter, Peter - don't!

But it's too late. He flails at the Beefy Boy, but he's all fury and no skill, and he can't land a punch. The Beefy Boy holds him off with ease, laughing.

BEEFY BOY

What's the matter with you? Everybody knows they're dead!

Peter BITES the Beefy Boy on the arm and clamps down.

BEEFY BOY

YAHH! Get him off me!

Peter lets the stunned boy go, dropping to the ground.

BEEFY BOY

He bit me! He... bit me!

And he runs off, bursting into tears. The other children surround Peter, forming a circle.

TAUNTING KIDS

Look at him! He bites! He's an animal!

Peter bares his teeth at them. The Kids take half a step back.

TAUNTING KIDS

Hey! He thinks he's an animal!

Judy breaks through the circle and grabs her little brother. The kids scream their taunts as she pulls him away.

41 INT. PARRISH HOME - KITCHEN - EVENING

41

NORA

(on the phone)

OK, I'll try and make it by later in the week. Thank you... Bye-bye.

She hangs up, turning to the kids at the table, visibly upset.

NORA

I just can't believe I have to talk to the Principal after your first day... What am I supposed to do with you? This is not my department.

JUDY

You'd better punish us.

41 CONTINUED:

41

NORA

(in all sincerity)

Yeah..? Well, what's the punishment for lying? Or how about biting somebody?

JUDY

You should probably ground us.

NORA

Alright - you're both grounded.

(a nervous wreck)

Now let's just try and relax and finish our dinner, and talk about something else.

Nora puts a forkful of food into her mouth. There's a long moment of silence, which is finally broken by:

JUDY

(matter-of-factly)

Well, we found out why you got the house so cheap... Twenty five years ago, a kid named Alan Parrish used to live here - then one day he just disappeared. The police searched everywhere but they never found him cause his parents chopped him up in little pieces and hid them in the walls. Everybody in town thinks the place is haunted.

Nora, stunned at first, slowly realizes Judy's lying.

NORA

That's it! I am sick and tired of your lies, young lady. You're grounded!

JUDY

You already did that one.

(off Nora's helpless look)

Send me to my room.

Nora nods wearily. Judy gets up, and exits the dining room. She pauses at the foot of the stairs.

JUDY

But just for your information that wasn't a lie.

She goes. Peter stays, chewing his food, observing his Aunt's discomfort.

42 INT. PARRISH HOUSE - FOYER / FRONT HALL - MORNING

42

Nora's by the door, ready to go out for the day. Peter and Judy sit on the stairs, dressed for school.

NORA

The school bus should be here any minute.
There's a snack for you in the fridge for
when you get home. If I get held up at the
permit office, I'll call.

As she speaks, the DRUMS slowly start to pound from upstairs, echoing down the big circular stairwell. The kids look up, entranced, as the POUNDING builds. They look at Nora, amazed that she doesn't seem to hear it - then look at each other, then back up the stairs again.

NORA

Are you listening to me..? Hello..?

JUDY

(snapping out of it)
... What?

NORA

Maybe I should wait with you til the bus comes. Did your parents used to put you on the bus?

JUDY

No, no.

NORA

Are you sure? You seem so distracted.

In a hurry for her to leave, Judy goes and opens the front door.

JUDY

Don't worry - we'll be fine.

NORA

Alright - be good.

She gives them a final scrutinizing look - then leaves. Judy quickly shuts the door. With that, the DRUMMING abruptly cuts.

JUDY

You do hear it!

PETER

... Hear what?

42 CONTINUED:

42

Judy stands there, completely perplexed. Peter starts to walk away - and...

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*

THE DRUMS START UP AGAIN. Peter and Judy look at each other - and charge up the stairs.

*
*

43 INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - THAT MOMENT

43

They stand at the bottom of the attic stairs, breathing hard with excitement. The Drumming Sound is rolling, boiling, luxuriant, and clearly coming from up there.

Then then all of a sudden... it stops! The children are quivering with adrenaline as they creep up the stairs together.

44 INT. ATTIC - THAT MOMENT

44

The children enter warily, looking all around.

JUDY

Where was it coming from?

Peter shakes his head - he doesn't know, either. They split up, searching in different parts of the attic.

*
*

SUDDENLY, THE DRUMMING STARTS UP AGAIN, RIGHT BEHIND JUDY!

She SCREAMS and jumps around to face the noisy spot. Peter runs over and begins to dig in a pile of old Parrish stuff: toys, games, sports equipment.

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They throw off the other games - revealing, at the bottom of the pile, a WOODEN BOX we've seen before: it has engraved jungle scenes and the word JUMANJI on it.

The Drumming is louder than it's ever been.

Peter reaches his hands out to pick up the box, and just as his fingers are about to touch it... The DRUMMING STOPS AGAIN! Judy exhales sharply.

Peter sets the box on a dresser drawer. Gingerly, expecting anything and everything, he unclasps it, opens it - and unfolds the beautiful, mysterious GAME BOARD.

JUDY

Wow...

*
*

TWO TOKENS are in the positions left by Alan Parrish and Sarah Whittle. Peter tries to move them, but they won't budge.

*

44 CONTINUED:

44

PETER

Weird - they're stuck. *

Out of the side compartment, Peter fishes out the DICE and the TWO REMAINING TOKENS. He holds the dice in his hand. Judy reads the fold-out cover:

JUDY

"Jumanji," a game for those who seek to find; a way to leave their world behind."

Suddenly SHUUMP! The two remaining TOKENS are sucked onto the beginning squares of the board. They are mesmerized.

JUDY

It's gotta be microchips, or something... *

Judy picks up the dice and examines them closely. *

PETER

You go first. *

JUDY

(reluctantly) *

... Okay... *

And she drops the dice onto the board. As soon as they tumble to a stop, the DRUMS begin again - and...

.. JUDY'S PIECE moves by itself to the appropriate square. LETTERS appear in the MIDDLE OF THE BOARD. The children exchange amazed looks. Judy reads the writing.

JUDY

"A tiny bite can make you itch, make you sneeze, make you twitch."

Just as the lettering fades away, we HEAR a BUZZING SOUND. Judy and Peter spin fearfully around to see THREE MOSQUITOES with 6-inch wingspans flying straight towards them across the attic. One by one the mosquitoes peel off like fighter planes and dive at the kids.

Judy grabs a TENNIS RACQUET and swings wildly. She SWATS one, sending it CRASHING through the window. The TWO remaining MOSQUITOES fly after it out the broken window.

Judy and Peter look at each other, then at the board.

Peter picks up the dice. Judy grabs for his hand. *

44 CONTINUED: (2)

44

JUDY

Don't!

But Peter rolls anyway: snake eyes.

He picks the dice back up. Again, the JUNGLE DRUMS begin. Peter's piece moves by itself two squares. Judy leans over to read:

JUDY

"This will not be an easy mission, monkeys
slow the expedition."

Immediately a CACOPHONY OF NOISE comes from downstairs.
CRASHING and BANGING.

JUDY

What's that?

She races off through the attic. Peter follows, the dice still in his hand.

45 INT. STAIRCASE / HALLWAY - DAY

45

Judy and Peter race down the stairs and down the hallway. They stop outside the KITCHEN DOOR.

Inside, we HEAR CHINA BREAKING and SCREECHING NOISES. Judy slowly pushes the door open - and they peek in, their eyes bugging out.

46 INT. KITCHEN

46

A DOZEN JUMANJI MONKEYS are tearing the place apart. (These are not normal monkeys: simian bodies and heads, but human expressions, movements, and intelligence.)

ON THE COUNTER - TWO MONKEYS take porcelain cups from the shelves and heave them across the kitchen...

ON THE KITCHEN TABLE - THE BIGGEST MONKEY stands with a SOUP LADLE resting on his shoulder. He swings the ladle like a baseball bat, showering the floor with porcelain.

AT THE REFRIGERATOR - SEVERAL MONKEYS are throwing food, spilling milk, etc.

A vicious-looking MONKEY on the counter pulls KNIVES from the knife holder and FLINGS them at the kids who recoil - THWAAAAAK! The knives stick into the kitchen door frame.

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47 INT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE KITCHEN DOOR

47

Judy and Peter, gasping, shut the door. They look at each other, spellbound. We hear more CUPS BREAKING. Peter looks fearfully at the dice in his hand.

48 INT. ATTIC - MOMENTS LATER

48

The attic door FLIES open as the children race back in and run to the JUMANJI BOARD. Judy grabs the board and reads.

JUDY

"Welcome to the safari."

(scans; paraphrases)

You roll the dice to move your token; doubles gets another turn; uhmm, the first player to reach the end and yell Jumanji wins, and...

(beat)

... Uh-oh. "Adventurers beware: do not begin unless you intend to finish. The exciting consequences of the game will vanish only when a player has reached Jumanji and called out its name." WHAT?

They HEAR a CRASH in the living room. They HEAR the front door open and SLAM. Peter and Judy go to the DORMER WINDOW and look down...

49 PETER'S AND JUDY'S POV - THE JUMANJI MONKEYS...

49

... exit the house jogging two abreast, like soldiers in double time. The lead monkey CHIRPS an order. They instantly fan out, dispersing in a hundred directions.

50 BACK TO SCENE - JUDY LOOKS AT PETER

50

They run back to the board. Peter starts to fold it up.

JUDY

Wait! The instructions say if we finish the game, it'll all go away! We better do it - or Aunt Nora's gonna pitch a fit.

(off Peter's hesitant look)

We'll get through it quickly. Just keep rolling the dice - I mean, there's no skill involved.

Peter reluctantly unfolds the board and holds the dice out to Judy.

50 CONTINUED:

50

JUDY

No, no, no, you rolled doubles - you get
another turn. Roll!

With trembling hand, Peter rolls. IN CLOSE-UP - PETER'S DICE
read "5" and a "3," totaling "8"...

Peter's token moves forward; his rhyme appears. Judy reads:

JUDY

"His fangs are sharp, he likes your taste;
your party better move post haste."

(beat)

Post haste?

ACROSS THE ATTIC, unbeknownst to the children, a LION'S
SILHOUETTE falls against the wall. He's sitting on an upright
piano. We get a sense of immense, almost impossible size.

The LION'S TAIL falls across the piano's treble keys, creating
an eerie procession of notes.

The children HEAR the piano and freeze. They stand slowly and
turn, looking in the direction of the noise.

THE LION, still in silhouette, comes down from the piano, his
huge paws, CRUNCHING THE BASS KEYS, creating loud, discordant
chords. JUDY'S and PETER'S eyes go wide. A huge form emerges
from the shadows and the kids jaws drop as they see the lion for
the first time.

They begin to slowly back up. Further, then further - they turn
and bolt from the room.

The lion ROARS, giving chase!

51 INT. SPIRAL STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

51

Peter and Judy scramble down the stairs.

In c.g.i. effect THE LION (only now do we see his entire form,
and he is HUGE) leaps down to the second floor.

52 INT SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

52

Landing with a SCHWUMP on its humongous paws, the lion cuts off
Judy and Peter's retreat. They SCREAM, and race down the
hallway, running right into...

A MAN with a bone-handled crude knife in his hands. He's long-
haired and bearded, with a crazy look in his eyes, wearing
clothes made out of skins and straw, and a bizarre hand-made
straw hat that looks like a primitive pith helmet. His garments

52 CONTINUED:

52

glisten with raindrops as if he just stepped out of a tropical cloudburst.

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*

JUDY AND PETER

ARRRGGGHHHH!

Judy and Peter recoil, nearly falling backwards into the teeth of the lion. The Man From Jumanji barely acknowledges their existence - they're not threatening - and shoving them aside, rivets all his attention on the lion. Judy and Peter race away down the hallway.

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Meanwhile, the MAN FROM JUMANJI slowly backs down the hall, his knife held before him. The lion follows, SNARLING.

The Man taunts the lion with the knife, urging him on. His eyes dart around, gauging distances. He lets out a territorial, guttural GROWL.

He throws the knife into the wood flooring where it sticks SPROING! The lion SPRINGS for the Man's jugular! The Man leaps vertically, grabbing a HALLWAY CHANDELIER directly above!

The Lion lands HARD on the CARPET RUNNER! His momentum sends him and the carpet SLIDING into NORA'S MASTER BEDROOM!

BLAM! The Man From Jumanji lands and KICKS the door shut. The lion is trapped within Nora's room. He ROARS, enraged.

The Lion SLAMS against the door with his paw and FIVE LONG CLAWS come through the wood to the other side!

The Man From Jumanji eyes the door, deciding that it will hold. Then, for the first time he seems to take in his surroundings. He looks around, squinting. His hand reaches out, and tentatively touches the wall as if touching were believing. In a daze, he walks slowly down the hall, his hand running along the wall...

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He comes to a door and slowly opens it, revealing a LINEN CLOSET - and...

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JUDY AND PETER COWERING WITHIN - they SCREAM!

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What a noise! But the Man From Jumanji is too preoccupied with his exploration to be bothered by it. WHAM! He slams the door on them again.

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He walks a few more steps, then stops dead in his tracks. A great realization seems to come over him. He stands there, stunned...

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52 CONTINUED:

52

... then whips around and bounds down the hallway to the LOCKED ROOM. He tries the doorknob, finds it locked.

THE CHILDREN creep out of the linen closet and reach the bend in the hallway. As fascinated as they are afraid, they watch the Man From Jumanji try the locked door. He KICKS the door in.

53 INT. LOCKED ROOM

53

The Man enters the locked room. It's a little boy's room, with the feeling of a place that time forgot.

Leaning against the wall is something that makes the man catch his breath. It's an immaculate, but dust-covered SCHWINN BICYCLE.

The children appear at the doorway. They watch the Man slowly run a hand along the bicycle frame. He appears to be moved, amazed.

He opens a closet door and gazes at the old boys' clothes hanging there. On a peg - Alan's shirt, ripped a quarter of a century ago in the fight with Billy Jessup. The Man touches it, finding an old blood stain.

He closes the door, walking to the dresser, like a man in a dream. The kids watch as the man picks up a YELLOWED PHOTOGRAPH. From a pouch at his waist, he takes out a battered PAIR OF CHILDREN'S GLASSES and holds them to his eyes. The photo is of his parents.

Looking up from the photograph, the Man sees himself in the mirror; he takes a long, hard look - then turns and sees the kids. He stares at them intently and they stand frozen. After a moment, his mouth begins to move - and in soft, thick-tongued English, he asks:

MAN FROM JUMANJI

Did... somebody roll a five or an eight?

Afraid to lie, Peter reluctantly nods. The Man lets out an ear-splitting YELL and bounds towards him!

Petrified, Peter turns to run, but in an instant, the Man's arms are around him, lifting him off the floor. Peter lets out a yelp of fear - but instead of pulverizing him, the man dances him around, hugging him, shouting with joy. He stops as suddenly as he started, as a new realization floods his brain. He unceremoniously drops Peter - and rushes down the stairs.

53A *** OMIT

53A*

54 INT. FOYER

54*

The KIDS hurry down the stairs and see the Man looking around wildly.

ALAN

Mom! Dad! Where are you? I'm home!

No reply. Peter and Judy give each other an amazed look. Then:

JUDY

... You're not Alan Parrish - are you..?

ALAN

(whipping around)

Who... are you?

JUDY

I'm Judy, and he's Peter. We live here now.

Alan stares at them, the smile still stuck on his lips, unable to take in what she's just told him. Judy goes on, gently.

JUDY

This house has been empty for years...

Alan stares, the smile still there, like a relic.

JUDY

Everyone thought you were dead.

ALAN

(after a long beat)

So... where are my parents..?

JUDY

(after a look at Peter)

... We don't know.

Slowly and definitively, the last traces of the smile fade from Alan's mouth.

JUDY

(weakly)

Sorry.

Abruptly, Alan turns and rushes out the front door.

55 *** OMIT

55*

56 EXT. PARRISH HOME - FRONT LAWN - DAY 56*

Alan runs out of the house and bounds across the lawn. He turns to look at the house as he backs away, approaching the street.

57 INT. BRAND SPANKING NEW POLICE CRUISER - DAY 57

We are the POV of the POLICE OFFICER looking through the front windshield - as...

ALAN, looking in all directions at his old neighborhood, wanders off the sidewalk into our path...

58 EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF PARRISH HOME - DAY 58

The police car locks up its brakes, SCREECHING...

ALAN whirls around. The cruiser is going to run him over. At the last second, Alan LEAPS straight up as the CRUISER lurches to a full stop. He lands safely on the hood - as the POLICE OFFICER throws open the door and gets out:

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

POLICE OFFICER
GET DOWN OFF MY CAR!

The officer is about 45 and black: CARL BENTLEY, who at 20 was the shoemaker at "Parrish Shoes." Alan hops down from the hood.

OFFICER BENTLEY
Step up on the sidewalk...

Bentley studies his car hood, but there doesn't appear to be any damage - though Bentley obsessively rubs at the spot where Alan's feet had been with his uniform sleeve. Alan peers over Bentley's shoulder, studying the car with intense interest. To Alan, it's completely futuristic, and he is amazed. Bentley turns - Alan's face is inches from his.

ALAN
What year is it?

OFFICER BENTLEY
It's brand new!

ALAN
No, I mean - what year is it?

Bentley stares at Alan like he's nuts. JUDY and PETER appear on the curb, drawing Alan and Bentley away from the car.

JUDY
Uh...1995, remember?

Officer Bentley takes in Alan's strange appearance. It's pointless to ask, but he does anyway for good measure.

OFFICER BENTLEY
You got some I.D.?

Alan, still stuck on Judy's last comment, does the math in his head.

ALAN
(to himself)
95, minus 69...twenty-six years?

OFFICER BENTLEY
(looking at Alan's LOINCLOTH)
Yeah, I know, it's in your other pants.

Officer Bentley shakes his head as if to say, "Why me?"

OFFICER BENTLEY
You from around here?

58 CONTINUED: (2)

58

ALAN

Yes, but I've been in Jumanji.

JUDY

(quickly)

Indonesia. He was in the Peace Corps.

Alan's eyes go to the PINNED-ON NAME BADGE on Bentley's shirt: "OFFICER BENTLEY". Alan searches Carl's face, the hard disk on his mental rolodex cranking. Epiphanously under his breath; to himself:

ALAN

Carl Bentley?

Bentley turns, appraising Alan once more - then turns to Judy:

OFFICER BENTLEY

Is this man related to you?

JUDY

(without missing a beat)

Yes, sir. He's our...uncle.

Alan double takes, seeing two Jumanji monkeys crawling in the window of the cruiser. Alan takes a deep breath - and:

ALAN

RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRGGGGGGGGGGG!

It's an amazing LION IMPRESSION - and the monkeys, freaked out, duck down, just as Bentley turns. Bentley looks back at Alan for a beat - then turns to Judy.

OFFICER BENTLEY

Is he... okay upstairs?

JUDY

He suffered a head injury a few months ago... You know how when you're on a train, you're not supposed to stick anything out the window? Well -

59 INT. BENTLEY'S POLICE CRUISER - DAY

59

One monkey reaches up to Bentley's riot gun, locked in its dash mounted bracket. The OTHER MONKEY turns the ignition key.

60 ON THE SIDEWALK...

60

Bentley hears his car start, and turns.

61 IN THE POLICE CRUISER ...

61

BOOM! The monkey pulls the trigger and THE RIOT GUN DISCHARGES, blowing a huge hole in the roof of the cruiser, destroying Bentley's LIGHT BAR.

*
*
*

Monkey #2 throws the cruiser into drive.

*

TILT DOWN to Monkey #1 jumping onto the floor of the cruiser. He jams both feet onto the gas pedal.

*
*

62 THE POLICE CRUISER BURNS RUBBER DOWN THE STREET. THERE'S NO DRIVER VISIBLE IN THE FRONT SEAT, ONLY WILD MONKEY LAUGHTER COMING FROM WITHIN!

62

BENTLEY

What...?

The cruiser accelerates.

BENTLEY

Don't you go anywhere!

Bentley turns and sprints off down the street, following the monkey-commandeered cruiser. Judy and Peter watch him go - then turn back to Alan.

He's already loping down the street with an easy, animal gait. Judy calls after him:

JUDY

Wait a minute - where are you going?

ALAN

(over his shoulder)

To find my parents!

Judy and Peter stand there a moment, at a loss - then Judy screams angrily:

JUDY

Hey! What about the game? It says we have to finish!

ALAN

(yelling back)

Go ahead, finish!

Alan's already made the corner. He disappears. The children take off after him, passing a rotund MAILMAN coming down the sidewalk. The Mailman sneezes loudly and repeatedly, scratching his back in a hard to reach spot.

63 OMIT 63

64 EXT. BRANTFORD - MAIN STREET - DAY 64

BRANTFORD MAIN STREET, CIRCA 1995 - is nothing like it was in 1969. It's now a string of pawn shops, liquor stores, and cheap diners. Derelict cars. Trash in the gutters. Many shops are boarded up.

ALAN stands at the corner confused, blinking. He steps into the intersection (the same one where the Cop stopped traffic for him so many years ago) and is almost run over by a bunch of BLACK LEATHER BIKERS on HARLEYS.

Alan jumps aside. He turns and runs off, heading toward...

65 EXT. BRANTFORD - TOWN SQUARE - DAY 65

The rotary and traffic island. A DRUNKEN DERELICT is asleep on the traffic island.

The Civil War STATUE is painted with graffiti. An EMPTY BUDWEISER CAN is impaled on the GENERAL'S SWORD.

ALAN
(to himself)
What happened?

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROTARY - JUDY AND PETER arrive huffing and puffing, just in time to stay on Alan's trail.

65A EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE ADJACENT TO SHOE FACTORY 65A

As Alan lopes past the old "Brantford ---> 1 MI" marker, he sees that the executive offices were never built - the concrete forms in the pit are lost among weeds. *

66 EXT. PARRISH SHOE FACTORY - DRIVEWAY 66

Alan trots up to the FACTORY ENTRANCE and stops. The parking lot is empty. Someone's used the PARRISH SHOES, FOUR GENERATIONS OF QUALITY sign for target practice; though filled with bullet holes, faded and rusty, it's still legible. Heartbroken and in shock, Alan enters. *

67 INT. "PARRISH SHOES" - DAY 67

Just inside the door, Alan stops and stares.

The once-thriving factory is a shambles. The assembly line machines are old and rusted. Birds fly in the rafters. Water drips down in puddles.

67 CONTINUED:

67

Alan walks through the factory. He picks up a flattened "Parrish Shoes" shoe box and holds it like a broken doll. Judy and Peter appear at the entrance, panting for breath.

ALAN

Where is everybody? There used to be hundreds of...

His voice trails off. He looks around, troubled and lost.

ALAN

My Dad - he made shoes here...the best shoes in New England...

Alan stops speaking as he sees something O.S., above the factory floor.

ALAN'S POV - HIS FATHER'S OLD OFFICE ...

A DOOR is slightly ajar. Through its frosted window pane, we can see the SILHOUETTE OF A MAN SMOKING A PIPE; the pipe is of the exact shape Sam Parrish used to smoke.

Alan, with terrible hope on his face, runs up the stairs to his father's office. Judy and Peter follow.

AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS...

Alan pushes open the door and finds:

67A INT. OFFICE

67A

A HOMELESS GUY, about 65, with hollow cheekbones, smoking a pipe. Trash is scattered on the floor, as well as a sleeping set-up and a propane stove, upon which a pot of water boils. He looks up, startled - then relaxes upon seeing Alan's get-up: just a fellow homeless person. *

ALAN

(crushed not to find his father)
I'm sorry - I...thought you were someone else.

He turns to leave. He reaches the door, stops, considers a moment and turns back.

ALAN

Do you know... what happened to the shoe factory?

HOMELESS GUY

It folded - like everything else in this town. *

*
*
*

67A CONTINUED:

67A

(holds up coffee cup)
It's pretty cold out there. You want some?

ALAN
(shaking his head)
What about the Parrishes..?

HOMELESS GUY
After their kid ran away, they put
everything they had into trying to find
him - their money, their time, their
everything... After awhile, Sam stopped
coming to work. He just quit caring.
(wistfully looking around)
Some of us tried to keep the place going,
but I guess we just didn't have the
Parrish touch.

He digs around in a pile of clothes and produces some hideous,
olive drab, flared LEISURE SUIT PANTS.

HOMELESS GUY
Here - these'll go better with that coat.

ALAN
Are the Parrishes still around?

HOMELESS GUY
Yeah.
(smiles)
They're over on Adams Street.

Alan's face lights up. Judy and Peter look at each other.

68 EXT. BRANTFORD - CEMETERY OFF TOWN SQUARE - DAY

68

A MARBLE GRAVESTONE, upright in the ground, partially obscured
by leaves, which reads: Samuel Alan Parrish June 18, 1921 - May
6, 1991; Carol Anne Parrish November 20, 1930 - August 19,
1991.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL... Alan, wearing the Leisure Suit pants,
kneeling before his parents' gravestones. Judy and Peter stand
off to the side.

Alan takes the STRAW PITH HELMET from his head and tenderly sets
it atop the gravestone - then, ashamed of his emotions, puts his
face in his hands.

ALAN
(bitterly chastizing himself)
I wish this family didn't exist...

68 CONTINUED:

68

Judy and Peter approach cautiously.

JUDY

Our parents are dead, too . They were in
the Middle East, negotiating peace,
when...

Peter elbows Judy in the ribs. Alan looks away from the grave
to Judy and Peter. After a moment:

PETER

Our dad was in advertising.

Even Judy's a little shocked to hear Peter utter a five-word
sentence. Alan and Peter meet eyes. Alan looks at the boy and
then back at the grave. Abruptly, he jumps up and takes off
towards the street.

JUDY

There he goes again. Come on.

68A EXT. GRAVEYARD MOMENTS LATER

68A

Alan strides down a path winding among the old gravestones, his
face twisted with anger and disappointment. The children, half
running, try to keep pace.

JUDY

Listen, I know you're upset and all, but I
was hoping you could help my brother and
me finish the game.

ALAN

Sorry.

In the BACKGROUND we see a WOMAN kneeling at a grave, blubbering
and scratching herself madly. Peter stares at her wide eyed as
they pass.

BACK TO ALAN AND JUDY...

JUDY

You could be a little grateful.
Without us you'd still be stuck in
there...

ALAN

I'm forever in your debt for getting me
out - but it wouldn't make a whole lot of
sense if the first thing I did was to go
and get stuck in there again, would it?
No! I've got too much catching up to do...

68A CONTINUED:

68A

JUDY

There's a lion in my aunt's bedroom!

*

*

ALAN

Call a zoo - I'm out of the lion business.

*

*

69 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE GRAVEYARD

69

As they come out of the graveyard, they HEAR a SIREN and cars begin to pull over. AN AMBULANCE VAN comes racing down Main Street.

TIRES COME SQUEALING in the opposite direction as A CAR veers erratically down the street.

The Ambulance tries to avoid the car but it's too late. The vehicles clip each other, fishtail, and lurch to a stop in front of Alan, Judy and Peter.

PARAMEDIC 1 gets out of the ambulance and rushes to the car. He opens the door and pulls out the driver.

It's the REALTOR. She's barely conscious, her face jaundiced. She is sweating profusely. She sneezes violently. Her limp hand shakes.

PARAMEDIC 1

We got another one, Larry!

Paramedic 2 runs up with a portable stretcher.

PARAMEDIC 2

Jeez, that's over fifty.

(looks around)

What the hell's going on...?

JUDY AND PETER sharply inhale.

JUDY

(to Peter)

Hey, look! Isn't that...

ALAN looks at the Realtor closely. Then he whirls around with an intent look on his face.

ALAN

Quiet! Do you hear that?

JUDY

Hear what?

Alan cocks his head, listening. His eyes reflect a growing terror. He looks around quickly and sees the Realtor's car - a

69 CONTINUED:

69

CONVERTIBLE with the top up. He grabs the kids and starts shoving them in the car.

ALAN
Quick! Move it!

*
*

70 INT CONVERTIBLE

70

ALAN and the kids pile into the front seat. He quickly slams the door.

ALAN
Think! What came out of the game before me?

JUDY
There was the lion... a bunch of monkeys... and...

PETER
That!

Outside, a GIANT MOSQUITO lands on the hood. It peers in the windshield, angrily POKING at it with its syringe-like proboscis. The KIDS squeal in terror, and they all roll around on the front seat, tangled together.

*
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*
*

ALAN
(dismissively)
Don't worry - he can't get us in here...

*
*

The mosquito flies upwards and disappears.

*

ALAN
See? We're fine.

*
*

With that, the MOSQUITO'S PROBOSCIS comes SLASHING through the CLOTH TOP of the convertible. Judy screams, and they all huddle as far away from it as they can. Unable to reach them, the proboscis withdraws.

*
*
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*

ALAN
We're safe - those things'll make you sick if they bite you, but if we go home and stay inside, we'll be okay.

*
*
*
*

The mosquito comes diving back at the windshield. DOINK! This time the glass CRACKS! Judy SCREAMS again.

*
*

JUDY
HOW?!!

70 CONTINUED:

70

Alan looks at the IGNITION, sees that the KEYS are in it. He turns to Judy and Peter.

ALAN

(sheepishly)

Do either of you happen to know how to drive?

(off their headshakes)

Okay, okay, no problem - gimme some room here. My dad let me back the car down the driveway once and he used to let me sit on his lap and steer all the time. It's been a while - but...

Peter and Judy exchange worried glances. They surreptitiously fasten their seat belts. Alan tentatively turns the ignition key - and the car starts.

ALAN

O-kavvyvvy - on our way.

He gives them a reassuring smile, then steps on the accelerator, gunning the engine. He's perplexed when the car doesn't move. He starts pushing and pulling buttons on the dashboard, inadvertently pushing the button that brings the TOP DOWN!

JUDY

Alan! The top!

The Mosquito spots the descending top and heads for the widening gap. Alan looks up and gasps. Peter leans over and throws the car into gear. The convertible takes off down the street, fishtailing and burning rubber, the mosquito left tumbling in its wake.

ALAN

WWWWHHHHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!

71 EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF PARRISH HOME

71

We hear an ENGINE, and SQUEALING TIRES. The Realtor's car ROARS INTO FRAME, flattening the stop sign at the corner, the neighbor's picket fence, finally the Parrish mailbox.

ALAN turns off the ignition and releases pent-up breath. He looks at the kids who are both wide-eyed and gripping the dash and door handles with white knuckles.

ALAN

Piece o' cake.

Alan climbs out and heads for the house.

71A INT. PARRISH HOUSE - ATTIC - LATER

71A

Alan stands before a mirror, holding a wrinkled shirt up against himself, eyeballing the fit. There's an open, dusty trunk in the reflection before him: his father's old clothes. It's a sentimental endeavor, and he's completely absorbed by it - until:

JUDY (O.S.)

Alan!

He turns, startled, to find Judy and Peter standing behind him. Judy's holding the Jumanji game out. Alan shrinks back from it, his eyes widening with fear.

JUDY

So when are you going to help us play?

ALAN

(in a hoarse whisper)

You keep that thing away from me!

JUDY

But we've got to hurry - our Aunt's gonna be home.

As he sweeps past to the stairs, a bundle of clothing under his arm:

ALAN

Good - then I can inform her that she's the ex-owner of this house. You realize with my parents gone, this place is mine now, don't you?

Alan reaches the bathroom door.

ALAN

How's the hot water here these days? Did anyone replace that old boiler?

He shuts the door in her face. Yelling through the door:

JUDY

what do you think those monkeys are gonna do to the ecosystem around here..?
Hello..?

She hears the water starting to run - and Alan singing some hokey 60's pop song to himself.

TIME FADE TO:

72 *** OMIT 72
73 *** OMIT 73
74 PETER AND JUDY BOTH SITTING ON THE HALLWAY FLOOR... 74

... listening to the lion SNUFFLING around and shredding the bed sheets in Aunt Nora's room.

The BATHROOM DOOR opens - and Alan comes out, dressed in some of his father's vintage clothes. He has raggedly cut his own hair. He has shaved, but poorly - his face is full of cuts and pieces of toilet paper. The kids wince.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

74

ALAN

What do you want? I've never shaved before.

He heads for the stairs. Peter and Judy follow.

75 *** OMIT

75

76 INT. KITCHEN - SOON THEREAFTER

76

The place looks like it's been bombed. The kids watch in disgust as Alan forages around on the rubble-strewn floor, picking through the monkey-gnawed-and-trampled food for anything half-decent to eat. When he finds a likely morsel, he puts it in a big bowl he's carrying.

JUDY

How about... Peter and I play the game... You just sort of... watch.

ALAN

No thanks - I've seen it. Besides, I don't plan farther ahead than my next meal. I learned that the hard way...

(re. a donut)

Bingo.

JUDY

Well, if you aren't going to help us, what are you going to do?

ALAN

(as if considering this for the first time)

I guess I'll just pick up where I left off. I wonder if Mrs. Nedermeyer still teaches sixth grade.

He opens the fridge door... and jumps back defensively, dropping the bowl, as A MONKEY BURSTS OUT! It shivers and screeches at Alan, then tears from the room. Alan looks after it, pulling himself together, trying to cover up how startled he was.

Peter has taken this in. We can see him getting an idea.

PETER

C'mon, Judy. He's not going to help us. He's afraid.

ALAN

What? What did you say?

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

76

PETER

You're afraid. Hey, it's okay to be afraid.

ALAN

(mocking)

It's okay to be afraid. I'm not afraid.

PETER

Prove it.

ALAN

I don't need to prove anything to you.

PETER

(to Judy, ignoring Alan)

Let's set it up in the living room.

And calling Alan's bluff, he starts walking towards the door.

ALAN

... Listen - you don't know what you're getting into.

PETER

Whatever it is, we'll handle it ourselves. We don't need you. C'mon, Judy.

ALAN

You think monkeys and mosquitos and lions are bad? That's kid stuff. I've seen things that would give you nightmares the rest of your life.

As he continues we can see how afraid he really is despite all his bluster.

ALAN

Things you can't even imagine - snakes as long as a schoolbus, spiders the size of bulldogs, things that hunt in the jungle at night, things you don't even see - you just hear them running and... eating. It's okay to be afraid? You don't know what fear is. Believe me, you won't last five minutes without me.

His face is close to Peter's. They stare into each other's eyes.

PETER

... So you're going to help us play?

(CONTINUED)

76. CONTINUED: (2)

76

Alan realizes that he's blown it.

ALAN

Alright! Alright!

And he storms out of the kitchen. Peter exhales - immensely relieved. Judy looks at him with awe.

JUDY

Peter, that was very cool.

PETER

Reverse psychology - Dad used to pull it on me all the time.

77 INT. PARRISH HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

77

Judy and Peter sit at the coffee table in front of the game.
ALAN is at the window pulling shut the drapes. While his back
is turned to the children, we can see the fear on his face.

JUDY
(picking up the DICE)
Everybody ready?

PETER
(intense)
Ready!

ALAN
(grim)
Ready...

JUDY
Okay - here I go!

JUDY tosses the dice. They roll to a stop. Nothing happens.
Judy's piece does not move. Peter looks up at her.

JUDY
I'll try it again.

Judy tosses the dice again. Still nothing happens.

JUDY
Alan, it's not working.

Alan walks over to Judy and Peter. He stares at the game board.
Something comes over him.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

77

ALAN

No. NOOOOOOO. It's not your turn.

JUDY

I rolled first, then Peter twice because he got doubles. Now it's mine again.

ALAN

No - look...

INSERT - THE GAME BOARD IN CLOSE-UP...

There are FOUR TOKENS on the board, all on different squares. Alan's finger points to the different tokens.

ALAN (O.S)

If these two are yours, who's are those?
One of 'em's mine.

BACK TO SCENE... ALAN looks from Judy to Peter. They don't understand. Softly, as the realization hits him:

ALAN

... You're playing the game I started in
nineteen sixty-nine.

JUDY

So whose turn is it?

ALAN

(moved)

The person I was playing with.

Peter and Judy turn to each other.

JUDY

(impatient)

Well? Who was it?

Alan turns back from the window. His face is full of emotion. He can hardly get the words out.

ALAN

Sarah Whittle.

78 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSE - DAY

78

Alan, Peter and Judy pass under the overhanging trees that line the walkway to the house.

PETER

This place gives me the creeps...

78 CONTINUED:

78

They SEE a WOODEN SIGN on the porch - a painted palmist's symbol and the words: "Madam Serena, Psychic readings. By Appointment Only" Alan looks extremely disappointed:

ALAN

I knew she wouldn't still be here...

JUDY

Well, let's at least ask - maybe she'll know where Sarah went.

Judy knocks. As they wait, Alan looks wistfully around.

ALAN

We used to play right here on this porch... It seemed a lot bigger in those days.

After a long moment, we HEAR a muffled WOMAN'S VOICE from the other side of the door:

WOMAN (O.S.)

Hello..?

JUDY

Can you help us? We're -

WOMAN (O.S.)

Do you have an appointment?.

JUDY

No - we're just trying to find someone...

WOMAN (O.S.)

Madame Serena can't see you right now.

ALAN

Well, maybe you can help us...

The door is cautiously opened - revealing a WOMAN in her late thirties. Even though her hair's mussed and she's completely wild-eyed, she's very attractive. Apparently, she was still sleeping. She blinks in the bright light.

ALAN

We're looking for someone who used to live here.

The Woman's attitude does a rapid-fire about-face, getting suddenly very serious and intense.

78 CONTINUED: (2)

78

WOMAN

I've lived here all my life.

Alan stares at her, his eyes getting wider and wider.

JUDY

Then you must know Sarah Whittle...

WOMAN

Why.. do you want Sarah Whittle?

ALAN

Sarah?

WOMAN

I... I don't go by that name anymore...

ALAN

Sarah Whittle?

SARAH

What do you want?

She shrinks back as he steps closer and closer.

ALAN

When you were thirteen, you played a game
with a kid down the street...

(after a pause)

The game with the drums.

SARAH

(beginning to tremble)

How do you know about that?

ALAN

Because I was there, Sarah.

Sarah looks at Alan closely - then sharply inhales...

SARAH

Alan..?... and drops into a dead faint. Alan, Judy and Peter wince as
she hits the floor.

PETER

She fell down.

79 *** OMIT

79

80 *** OMIT

80

81 INT. PARRISH HOME - LIVING ROOM

81

Sarah sits subdued and watchful, slumped in the couch. Alan, Judy and Peter all sit nearby. Sarah has a telephone in one hand and a glass of lemonade in the other. We hear a BEEP through the line - then SARAH speaks into the phone:

SARAH

Yes, Doctor Boorstein, it's Sarah Whittle calling. I might need to have my dosage checked. You know the event we've been talking about for the past two decades or so? The one that didn't really happen? Well, I seem to be having another episode involving that little boy who didn't really disappear - I'm sitting in his living room drinking lemonade. I'd be very interested in your interpretation. Please call me back at your next opportunity. Thank you.

She hangs up and looks nervously around the room.

SARAH

He'll call me back at ten minutes before the hour.

Alan and the kids trade glances.

ALAN

Okay. Well... while we're waiting...

Alan pulls the Jumanji game out from under the coffee table. Sarah SCREAMS and leaps to her feet.

SARAH

YAHH! Get that thing away from me!

Sarah stays as far from Alan and the game as she can.

JUDY

You have to help us finish the game, Sarah.

SARAH

No, I don't! I've spent over two thousand hours in therapy convincing myself that thing doesn't exist! I made it all up about you turning into smoke and disappearing into the game because whatever really happened was just too awful!

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

81 CONTINUED:

81

ALAN

Yeah, it was awful; but it was real.

SARAH

(getting freaked)

No! Your father murdered you and chopped you into little pieces and hid you in the walls!

ALAN

My father did that?

(off her adamant nod)

Sarah, you knew my father - he could barely hug me, let alone chop me into pieces...

SARAH

Well, it's always the repressed types...

Everyone looks at her like she's off her tether.

ALAN

Listen - twenty-six years ago we started something and now we're all going to finish it! And guess what...

He takes Sarah's hand and drops the dice into her palm.

ALAN

It's your turn.

Sarah leaps to her feet.

SARAH

I won't play.

Alan leaps to his feet.

ALAN

You will play.

SARAH

(hissing)

Just try and make me!

Alan stares at Sarah contentiously. She returns his glare. Finally, Alan sets the game board down on the table between them, disgusted:

ALAN

All right! Just give me the dice and get out of here!

81 CONTINUED: (2)

81

Alan holds his hand out. Sarah hesitantly approaches him.

She reaches to drop the dice in Alan's outstretched hand. With lightning speed, he withdraws his hand, allowing the dice to fall on the game board.

SARAH

(screeches)

Ahhhhhhhhh! How could you do that?

ALAN

Sorry. Law of the jungle.

The DRUMS begin. Everyone stares at the board. Sarah's TOKEN slides forward. Sarah stares daggers at Alan.

SARAH

When I think of all the energy I've spent
visualizing you as a radiant spirit...

*
*
*

Her RHYME appears.

JUDY

Go on. Read it.

SARAH

Twenty-two years of Dr. Boorstein down the
drain - all I can say is thank God I had
health insurance...

*
*
*
*

ALAN

Read it!

Sarah swallows, takes a deep breath - and...

SARAH

"They grow much faster than bamboo, take
care or they'll come after you."

BITS OF PLASTER fall on the game board. Everyone looks up at a
CRACK in the ceiling. A VINE emerges.

SARAH

No! No! Don't let this be happening!

*
*

Alan turns his head slowly to take in the room. From his POV,
SMALL VINES push out from behind pictures, out of drawers, from
in between sofa cushions, out of electrical outlets, from
molding around the ceiling. He backs toward the center of the
room.

81 CONTINUED: (3)

81

ALAN

Stay away from the walls!

The tendrils are BLOOMING into PURPLE FLOWERS the size of sunflowers.

JUDY

(reaching out to touch them)

Wow. They're beautiful.

ALAN

Don't! They shoot poison barbs.

A VINE TENDRIL comes out from under the edge of the RUG, and sneaks up from behind towards PETER'S ANKLE.

ALAN

And don't get anywhere near the big yellow ones!

JUDY

(looking around)

What big yellow ones?

JUDY sees the vine tendril around Peter's ankle and YELLS too late...

JUDY

PETER!

THE VINE drags PETER backwards, YANKING him under the rug. He's pulled across the room, incredibly fast, his SCREAM muffled by the rug.

ALAN

GET HIM!

The others chase the whooshing lump he makes in the carpet - but he's going too fast. He - and his SCREAM - shoot out the other end of the carpet...

... just a few yards from a GIANT, FOUR FOOT IN DIAMETER GREEN POD which suddenly emerges from the glass doors of a huge mahogany BREAK-FRONT. The pod opens, revealing YELLOW PETALS and VILE CARNIVOROUS TEETH within.

PETER

NOOOOO!!!

ALAN dives at Peter, grabbing his free ankle - while Judy and Sarah grab Peter's arms. The three of them get into a violent tug-of-war with the vine. It STRETCHES like a rubber cable - but still, PETER IS PULLED FORWARD.

81 CONTINUED: (4)

81

they grunt, straining every muscle, digging their heels into the floor - but inch by inch, they're dragged towards the now-salivating pod. The situation is hopeless.

ALAN looks around desperately...

HIS POV... ON THE FIREPLACE MANTLE: GENERAL ANGUS PARRISH'S CIVIL WAR SABER in a glass DISPLAY CASE.

Alan dashes for the mantle, heaving the display case to the floor and shattering the glass. He grabs the saber and races back, SWINGING it up over his head.

Peter's feet are within inches of the POD'S TEETH - when...

... Alan's sabre comes SLASHING down - WHACK!!! The vine is sliced in two, releasing the tension like a snapping rubber band - and everyone's sent skyrocketing backwards across the carpet.

The other end of the vine SWAPPPPS back into the mouth of the pod - sending out a cloud of feathery dandelion-like seeds. Alan, lying on the rug with the others, looks up anxiously at the seeds as they float by.

ALAN

Uh-oh, whatever you do, don't open any windows. You wouldn't believe how fast these things grow.

82 EXT. BRANTFORD STREET - DAY

82

BENTLEY comes trudging around a corner - and stops short seeing...

His CRUISER, crashed against a tree, shot right to hell.

OFFICER BENTLEY

Good God Almighty...

As he walks up to it, he hears his CB crackling. He climbs into the wreckage and clicks in on the radio:

OFFICER BENTLEY

Carl here...

WOMAN'S VOICE

Where in heaven's name have you been?
We've got a serious animal control situation on our hands.

OFFICER BENTLEY

Get Stan or Willy on it - I'm heading over to the old Parrish place to investigate a suspicious character.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

82

He turns the ignition and is relieved when the car starts. He
backs away from the tree with a HORRENDOUS RIPPING NOISE.

83 INT. FARRISH HOUSE - BACK HALL

83

Alan slams the French doors shut on a vine, grabbing the waving VINE END and rapidly tying it into a complicated knot around the door handles. The vine's struggling only shuts the doors tighter. To the vine:

ALAN

Try evolving a coupla million years. maybe
you'll figure it out.

Peter watches, mesmerized, as a vine snakes up the inside of the glass pane.

Sarah tries to sneak off toward the front foyer - but Alan grabs her from behind, pulling her down the hall towards the Library.

SARAH

AAAH!! Get your hands off of me!!!

ALAN

The game's not over yet, Sarah.

SARAH

It is for me... Let me go!

Alan drags struggling Sarah into the LIBRARY. Peter and Judy share a look and follow.

84 INT. FARRISH HOME - LIBRARY

84

Alan lays the game board down as they rush in.

ALAN

We'll finish the game right here.

SARAH

This is so abusive.

Judy hands Alan the dice.

JUDY

It's your turn, Alan.

SARAH

Last time I played this game it ruined my
life.

ALAN

IT RUINED YOUR LIFE??!!

(manic sing-song)

"IN THE JUNGLE YOU MUST WAIT, UNTIL THE
DICE READ FIVE OR EIGHT." Remember? But

ALAN (CONT'D)
 they didn't read five or eight for twenty-
 six years because somebody stopped
playing!

He's got his face inches from hers. ROARING at her.

SARAH
 I... I w-was just a kid... I couldn't
 handle it.

JUDY
 It's OK, Sarah - we're scared, too... But
 if we finish the game it'll all go away.

SARAH
 How do you know it won't happen again?
 How do I know I won't get stuck in the
 jungle..?

ALAN
 (looking right at Sarah)
 Because, unlike some people, Sarah, I
 won't abandon my friends.

JUDY
 (after a beat)
 ... And neither will I.

With that, Peter shyly puts his fist out straight - and Judy
 tops it with hers in a three-musketeers gesture of unity. Alan
 adds his hand to the others. Everyone looks at Sarah.

ALAN
 ... Well?

Sarah sighs, rolls her eyes and reluctantly puts her hand on
 top.

They release their hands - and Alan shakes the dice and rolls for
 the first time since 1969!

SARAH
 I knew this was going to be a bad day.

ALAN
 Oh, relax - all we have to do is roll with
 the punches, keep our heads and
 everything's going to be fine...

And with a smile brimming with self assurance, he leans forward
 and reads his rhyme:

84 CONTINUED: (2)

84

ALAN

"A hunter from the darkest wild, makes
you... feel just like a..."

He gulps, trailing off and going pale. Judy looks at him,
perplexed - then looks down at the board:

JUDY

(finishing the rhyme; puzzled)
... child?

Alan's whole demeanor has done a dramatic about-face: the
reflexively hyper-protective crouch he's curled into makes it
look like he's shrunk. In a dread-filled whisper:

ALAN

Van Pelt...

84 CONTINUED: (3)

84

ALAN (cont'd)

With that, A SHOTGUN BLAST BLOWS IN THE FRENCH DOORS OF THE LIBRARY - wafting out a cloud of feathery vine seeds. Alan dives to the carpet, the shot going wide.

ALAN

GET DOWN!

Sarah and the kids dive to the carpet, terrified, seeing...

IN THE SOLARIUM - A GREAT WHITE HUNTER

... stepping through the shattered French doors, drawing a bead on Alan with a shotgun. This is VAN PELT, an imperialist Transvaal Englishman from a bygone era wearing a ten gallon pith helmet. He is laconic, humorless; a remorseless killer.

In a most un-Parrish-like manner, Alan frantically scrambles across the floor on hands and knees - then bolts from the room...

VAN PELT BLASTS again. The shots RIP into the molding, missing Alan by inches.

VAN PELT

This isn't a bloody footrace, lad! Stand up straight and let me pop you fair and square.

Van Pelt moves past SARAH, JUDY and PETER with a dismissive look - as if they were naughty children he couldn't be bothered with. They cringe in terror.

85 INT. PARRISH HOUSE - 1ST FLOOR HALLWAY

85

ALAN dashes down the corridor for the front door. Van Pelt emerges from the library. As he draws another bead:

Alan draws the saber from his belt and HEAVING it, javelin-style. SPROING! It rips through the sleeve of Van Pelt's bush jacket, and sticking into the wall, causing Van Pelt's rifle - BLAM! - to go off. Plaster rains down from the beautiful Georgian ceiling.

85 CONTINUED:

85

VAN PELT

You're a disgrace to the species, boyo.

Alan flees... Van Pelt yanks the saber out and pursues.

86 EXT. PARRISH HOME - FRONT LAWN / STREET

86

ALAN bursts from the house, and runs down the street.

86A INT. BENTLEY'S CRUISER

86A

Bentley's approaching the house, about half a block away, when he spots Alan running by. He slams on the brakes, and jumps out of the car.

87 EXT. STREET - HALFWAY DOWN BLOCK FROM PARRISH HOME

87

BENTLEY

HEY - YOK!

Alan doesn't stop.

Bentley takes one step in pursuit when - KA-BOOM!!! A limb of a tree inches from the running Alan's head is incinerated. Bentley spins around and sees Van Pelt, his gun smoking.

Bentley drops into a crouch behind his cruiser, his pistol trained on Van Pelt.

BENTLEY

DROP THE GUN AND GET YOUR HANDS UP IN THE AIR!

Van Pelt, instead of obeying, wheels on Bentley, BLASTING at the cruiser. Bentley hits the deck - as...

The CRUISER is BLASTED apart by round after round from Van Pelt's shotgun... The front and back windshield, the headlights - and for good measure, Van Pelt blasts a street light directly over Bentley's head, showering glass down...

VAN PELT turns back to the fleeing Alan. He's got a clear shot. He squeezes the trigger.

CLICK... Out of ammo. He curses and sprints through the hedge of the surrounding property.

BENTLEY slowly emerges from behind the door, looking sadly at his cruiser.

BENTLEY

Oh, MAN...

37 CONTINUED?

37

Then he snaps to, frantically reaching inside the cruiser and grabbing his c.b. radio.

BENTLEY

Lorraine, Lorraine... Come in, Lorraine!

LORRAINE'S VOICE

Yes, Carl.

BENTLEY

I'm in pursuit of an armed and dangerous Caucasian male - approximately 160 pounds, five-eleven, ten gallon pith helmet, eighteen-nineties facial hair.

LORRAINE'S VOICE

Um... Could you run that by me again?

BENTLEY

No, I've gotta go! I'll call in later!

Bentley hops into the remains of his car and ROARS off, tires SQUEALING. Alan emerges from a hedge and looks around. Some fluffy seed pods float by overhead.

38 INT. PARRISH HOUSE - FOYER

88

As SARAH, JUDY, and PETER peek out through the sidelights by the front door, SARAH's on a major psychobabble jag:

SARAH

... So even if Alan gets out of this situation, the same kind of thing is going to keep happening to him over and over...

Behind them, unseen, Alan crawls through the dining room window, and approaches them quietly.

SARAH

When you carry so much repressed anger, it attracts a lot of negative energy... He didn't end up in the jungle by accident - there are no accidents...

ALAN

Whose turn is it?

The threesome, startled, turn to face him. He gives Sarah a wry smile. She ignores him.

(CONTINUED)

ALAN

Where's the game?

JUDY

Where we left it - it's my turn next.

Alan immediately starts toward the library, the others following.

SARAH

You might have warned us that there was someone in there with a gun trying to kill us.

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED:

88

JUDY

Is he the reason you didn't want to play?

Sarah looks quickly at Alan, then at Judy:

SARAH

Oooooooooohhhhhhh - he didn't want to play
either?

(looking right at Alan)

Well, well, well, Mister We-Started-
Something-And-Now-We're-Gonna-Finish-It...
What is it with you and that guy? A little
personality problem?

89 INT. PARRISH LIBRARY

89

Alan opens the door, the foursome moves to the game board.

ALAN

He's a hunter, he hunts - that's what he
does. Right now, he's hunting me.

SARAH

Why?

ALAN

I don't know...

(with wounded pride)

He seems to find everything about me so
offensive, you'd think he wouldn't want to
waste his time...

SARAH

Have you ever tried sitting down and
working out your differences?

ALAN

Are you crazy? You can't talk to him -
he's completely unreachable...

SARAH

(snapping)

DON'T YOU DARE CALL ME CRAZY! Everyone
thinks I'm crazy, ever since I told the
cops twenty-six years ago that you
disappeared inside a board game!

ALAN

I wasn't calling you crazy... It was just
a figure of -

89 CONTINUED:

89

JUDY
(exasperated)
Maybe I should roll... Yoo-hoo,
I'm rolling now.

Alan and Sarah are oblivious to Judy.

SARAH
You know what it's like to be known as the
little girl who saw Alan Parrish murdered?
You think anybody came to my fourteenth
birthday party?

ALAN
Not even Billy Jessup? It sounds like his
kind of party...

SARAH
Billy who? I have no idea who you're
talking about.

ALAN
'Oh, come on, Madam Serena - I'm sure if
you dig around in the lower reaches of
your higher consciousness, you oughta be
able to dredge up the memory of your
boyfriend, Billy. You were the perfect
match! His anger wasn't repressed...

PETER
Go ahead - roll.

Judy rolls the dice, her token advances. She leans forward and
quietly reads the rhyme:

JUDY
"Don't be fooled, it isn't thunder;
staying put would be a blunder."

Peter and Judy share a puzzled look. Alan and Sarah bicker on
obliviously:

SARAH
You're talking about that guy who used to
take your bicycle?

ALAN
I'm talking about the guy you were at the
movies with when you should have been
finishing the game we started.

Peter sees a small bust of Beethoven on the library shelf begin
to slowly VIBRATE its way across the shelf.

89 CONTINUED: (2)

89

SARAH
(her eyes venomously narrowed)
You are so immature.

ALAN
I'm immature? At least I -
(stopping suddenly)
SHUT UP! LISTEN!

Alan frowns, listening hard - and soon we can HEAR what he hears: a very slight RUMBLING in the distance. Judy, Peter and Sarah exchange nervous looks as Alan walks across the library to the book stack on the far wall. He puts his hand against the books, which begin to SHAKE and VIBRATE. The RUMBLING grows louder. In an instant it dawns on Alan. He spins around.

ALAN
(in an urgent whisper)
Stampede!

Alan grabs Peter and hauls him across the room, pushing Judy and Sarah in front of him - just as...

THE WALL OF THE LIBRARY ROOM EXPLODES - and...

A HERD OF RHINOCEROSES BURSTS THROUGH THE BOOK STACK AND CHARGES ACROSS THE LIBRARY!

Sarah and the kids, looking over their shoulders, SCREAM! ALAN pushes everyone into the HALLWAY - and...

90 INT. PARRISH HOME - HALLWAY

90

... they race pell mell toward the living room. The RHINOCEROS HERD smashes through the library's French doors and comes after them!

Behind the rhinos is a HERD OF ELEPHANTS! The rhinoceroses bear down on them, their HOOF BEATS deafening. Their SNORTING BREATH is six feet away.

91 INT. PARRISH HOME - PARLOR

91

The FOUR PLAYERS DIVE into the parlor as the animals ROAR past down the hallway, SMASHING the west wall of the house to bits and STAMPEDING RIGHT THROUGH IT into the side lawn.

Each player gathers himself and looks at an awesome sight:

The ANIMALS charging past the parlor. It's a living, breathing freight train: RHINOS - then ELEPHANTS and ZEBRAS. POUNDING HOOVES and BREAKING FURNITURE.

91 CONTINUED:

91

Finally, it's over. The FOUR PLAYERS slowly rise and timidly move to the parlor threshold. They look down the HALLWAY.

A total wreck, as if it's been bombed. The floor's covered in rubble. Part of an exterior wall is missing. Dust hangs in the air.

A FLOCK OF PELICANS flaps past them and out a gaping hole in the dining room wall. The LAST PELICAN is enormous, with a six-foot wingspan. It flies into the parlor and lands amidst the rubble next to THE GAME BOARD. The big bird looks at the board - then...

SUDDENLY SNATCHES IT UP IN ITS BILL!

ALAN

Hey! Don't let him get away!

THE PELICAN, game board clenched in bill, lifts off from the rubble, taking flight over their heads.

Alan, Sarah, Peter and Judy chase it across the parlor. The bird circles into the FOYER. Alan doubles back and heads the pelican off. The pelican CIRCLES in the stairway foyer, then heads for the FRONT HALLWAY.

ALAN

Judy! Stop him!

Judy runs to block the pelican, waving her arms in the air. She grabs for the game board and almost gets it.

The pelican spots the shattered dining room wall and banks toward it.

ALAN

Sarah! Peter! Stop him! Don't let him out!

Sarah and Peter run back into the dining room. Sarah dashes to block the hole the elephants made, frantically waving her arms. The pelican heads for the other side of the shattered wall. Peter jumps into position to block the bird's escape.

The giant pelican BEARS DOWN menacingly on Peter. Peter stands his ground - until...

THE BIRD DIVES STRAIGHT AT PETER'S HEAD. Peter ducks, covering his head. The pelican swoops past him and flaps away through the trees. Alan sprints past Peter...

... GIVING HIM A DISGUSTED, SCORNFUL LOOK.

*

91 CONTINUED: (2)

91

PETER

I'm sorry...he scared me.

Alan ignores him, LEAPING through the hole in the wall, dashing across the lawn, leaving Peter looking terribly shamed.

*
*

SARAH

(re. Alan)

Creep.

(to Peter)

Don't worry - he's the last person you want as a role model.

*
*
*
*
*

Judy runs to the hole and calls after Alan.

JUDY

Where are you going?

ALAN

(yelling on the run)

HE'LL HEAD FOR WATER!

Judy, Peter and Sarah, about to follow Alan, stop as a telephone suddenly gives a muffled RING.

Judy follows the RINGING to its source. She pulls the TELEPHONE out from under a pile of rubble. Answering:

JUDY

Hello? Oh, hi, Aunt Nora. I can't really talk right now. Well...a stampede of wild animals just ran through the house, a dozen monkeys destroyed the kitchen and there's a really large lion trapped in your bedroom. Right... No, I understand... Okay... Bye.

(hanging up; to Peter)

I'm grounded for another week.

Judy tosses the phone down in frustration. She follows Sarah and Peter, already running across the lawn.

92 EXT. BRANTFORD - MAIN STREET - DAY

92

A WINDOW DISPLAY of PAWN SHOP JUNK including firearms: rifles, shotguns, handguns, as we WIDEN TO --

The stern hunter VAN PELT, on the sidewalk, staring at the display. He walks inside the store.

93 INT. BRANTFORD - PAWN SHOP - DAY

93

The SALESMAN watches Van Pelt enter, nervously taking in his huge gun and odd outfit.

SALESMAN

What can I do for you?

Van Pelt slides the action of his gun, EJECTING a spent cartridge, which flies into the hand of Salesman 1, who examines it.

SALESMAN

That's a lot of bullet... What is it?

VAN PELT

Kynoch Nitroball - 10 gauge brass casing,
2 ounce brass slug, 300 grains black
powder.

SALESMAN

(handing the shell to Van Pelt)

Sorry - this isn't an antique store.

VAN PELT

Then give me something with a lot of
punch, and make it snappy, mate.

The Salesman takes in Van Pelt's glare, and reaches under the counter for the paperwork.

SALESMAN

Yeah, well, there's a waiting period, pal,
and before I can sell you anything, I'll
need a driver's license, employment
record, and your last three addresses.

He takes a bunch of paperwork out from under the counter.

SALESMAN

And you'll need to fill these out.

(looking at his khakis)

... You're not a postal worker, are you?

In reply, Van Pelt tosses SEVERAL LARGE GOLD COINS onto the counter where they ring out with Bank-of-England-solidity. The Salesman's eyes widen. He slowly pushes the paperwork aside.

SALESMAN

These seem to be in order... So it's punch
you want...

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

93

He glances towards the door to see that there's no one around,
then reaches under the counter...

SALESMAN

Now, anyone asks you, you didn't get this
here.

... and he pulls out a completely illegal, Israeli-made SNIPER
RIFLE with a TELESCOPIC SIGHT and SILENCER. Van Pelt's eyes have
gone wide: he's seeing a vision of all that Paradise holds. His
big elephant gun drops from his hand, forgotten - falling to the
floor with a loud clatter.

SALESMAN

I thought you'd be interested.

Van Pelt picks up the Sniper Rifle, sighting through the high-
tech scope. He PANS the rifle around, spotting Bentley's
battered CRUISER limping by outside. The scope's CROSSHAIRS
fall on Bentley, his c.b. in hand. Van Pelt smiles evilly.

(CONTINUED)

94 EXT. BRANTFORD RIVER RIVERBANK - DAY

94

Sarah, Judy and Peter clamor through the woods adjacent to the river. Suddenly:

ALAN (O.S.)
SSSHHHHHHHH!!!

Judy, Peter and Sarah freeze in their tracks. Alan is nearby, frantically waving them into cover. Alan creeps forward through the reeds.

95 ALAN'S POV... THE CAMERA MOVES headlong through REEDS and bulrushes. TWO HANDS gently part the reeds before us, revealing...

95

The PELICAN standing on a BIG FLAT ROCK a few yards upstream in the river close to the riverbank. This is an enormous bird. The JUMANJI GAME BOARD sits at his feet, precariously hanging over the rock's edge. The river swirls below!

ALAN, on his hands and knees in the bulrushes, watches the pelican. Alan creeps across the bank onto the big rock. He tip-toes across the rock to the pelican. The pelican suddenly turns, glaring harshly at Alan.

ON THE ROCK - UPSTREAM...

Alan, on hands and knees, creeps forward. His hand extends sloooooowly toward the GAME BOARD.

ALAN

Easy there, bud - you got something of mine.

The pelican SNAPS at Alan's hand, NIPPING it.

ALAN

YOW!

Alan falls on his butt, grabbing his sore hand. The pelican glowers at him.

96 IN THE WOODS - DOWNSTREAM...

96

Sarah, Judy and Peter WINCE.

97 ON THE ROCK - UPSTREAM...

97

Alan is perched on the edge of the rock opposite the pelican, looking into THE WATER.

ALAN

Okay - let's try the barter system.

Alan pauses a second, then, like a Metabale Tribesman, thrusts his hands into the water. His hands emerge holding...A BIG FLAPPING FISH!

98 IN THE WOODS - DOWNSTREAM...

98

SARAH, PETER and JUDY watch this feat with utter awe.

PETER

Wow...

99 ON THE ROCK - UPSTREAM...

99

ALAN turns to the pelican with the fish, dangling it in front of him. The pelican opens its mouth.

ALAN

Oh, you like that, do you?

He tosses the fish across the rock. The pelican LUNGES at it, swallowing it whole, knocking the board. It TEETERS...

*
*

ALAN grabs for it - but misses...

99 CONTINUED:

99

... and it falls in the river! The current takes it quickly downstream.

*
*

100 IN THE WOODS - DOWNSTREAM..

100

Sarah, Judy and Peter GASP! Peter charges out of the bushes, and runs towards the river, leaping over rocks and fallen branches...

*
*
*

101 ON THE RIVER - UPSTREAM...

101

The BOX is swept around some rocks, towards the shore - after which it will be sucked into the center of the current and carried away forever.

*
*
*

102 ON THE SHORE...

102*

The running PETER sights the BOX coming towards the shore. It's still upstream of him, but not for long...

*
*

He sees a TREE that has fallen, dangling over the river, its roots still clinging to the shore. He hesitates - only for a millisecond...

*
*
*

... then runs out onto the trunk of the tree, balancing himself over the rushing river. As he gets further out, the trunk gets narrower and bouncier...

*
*
*

... but he has no time to hesitate, as the box is rapidly approaching. When he's over the spot which the box will pass under, he tries to reach down to the water...

*
*
*

... but it's too far.

*

ANGLE ON ALAN...

watching as Peter does a jungle-gym move, hanging upside down from the branch by his bent legs, reaching for the river...

JUDY AND SARAH

NO! PETER!

PETER'S UPSIDE DOWN POV...

... of the box coming on the rushing icy water - slightly out of reach. He swings. The tree bounces and CREAKS - AND PETER SNAGS THE BOX ON A BOUNCE!

On the upward bounce, he pulls himself up to safety.

103 EXT. RIVERBANK BY THE FALLEN TREE

103

As Peter comes ashore, Sarah and Judy await him as if a conquering hero. Alan appears a few feet away.

JUDY

That was cool, Peter.

SARAH

Very intense.

Peter glows, feeling redeemed for his failure of nerve back at the house. Sarah gives Alan a look that clearly says, Well - aren't you going to say something?

ALAN

(clipped)

Nice work.

(back to business)

Now let's get a move on.

He starts off. Sarah gives a mock salute to his back.

104 EXT. IRON BRIDGE OVER THE RIVER

104

Our gang is walking over a bridge leading back to town, Alan stalking ahead.

CUT TO:

105 A POV THROUGH A TELESCOPIC SIGHT...

105

THE CROSS HAIRS fall on PETER first, then ZOOM IN on the GAME BOARD. We can read "Jumanji" on the cover.

106 EXT. A GRASSY KNOLL ABOVE THE IRON BRIDGE - DAY

106

The POV is, of course, Van Pelt's. He's got his new rifle resting in the crotch of a tree as he watches the little celebration below through the scope.

*
*
*

He lowers the rifle, thinking, his eyes glinting malevolently.

107 BACK TO HIS POV THROUGH THE TELESCOPIC SIGHT...

107

The cross hairs now move to Alan.

108 INSERT...

108

Van Pelt's finger tightens on the trigger.

109 EXT. IRON BRIDGE - THAT MOMENT

109

JUDY

So whose turn is it now?

*
*

ALAN

No, no, no - it's too dangerous here...
Let's get back to the house.

*
*

We HEAR an ENGINE GUNNING. Everyone whirls around - to SEE...

OFFICER BENTLEY'S POLICE CRUISER approaching!

110 INT. BENTLEY'S POLICE CRUISER - DAY

110

Bentley at the wheel passes Alan and the others. He double takes, slamming on the brakes and throwing it into reverse.

111 EXT. BRANTFORD - ACCESS ROAD TO IRON BRIDGE

111

The cruiser, tires SQUEALING, backs up at 35 m.p.h., moving back toward the foursome. ALAN turns to Peter:

*

ALAN

Hide it.

Peter quickly hides the game board behind his back.

THE POLICE CRUISER lurches to a stop. BENTLEY gets out. He doesn't recognize Alan in his new guise - zeroing instead right in on Peter and Judy:

BENTLEY

Where's that Uncle of yours? I want to ask him a few questions.

*
*
*

Alan starts trying to back away. Bentley turns and sees him.

*

BENTLEY

I've been looking for you!

*
*

Alan BOLTS! Bentley grabs Alan and SLAMS him up against the police car. He stares at him hard.

BENTLEY

A whole lot of weirdness started about the time you showed up this morning - we're going for a little ride, pal...

ALAN

(resisting)

I'm not going anywhere

111 CONTINUED:

111

ALAN struggles. BENTLEY quickly slaps the cuffs on him.

112 BACK TO POV - THROUGH TELESCOPIC SIGHT

112

Van Pelt can't get a clear shot: Alan keeps moving behind an iron beam. He FIRES - and the bullet HITS THE BEAM NEAR ALAN'S HEAD, the noise of the river swallowing its sound.

113 BACK TO IRON BRIDGE

113

Alan hears something and looks around, alert.

SARAH

Wait a minute! Please... Ah... don't take him away... He's...

JUDY

... Her fianceé!

Sarah is startled.

BENTLEY

(to Judy)

I thought he was your uncle.

JUDY

He is - but he's the half-brother of my mother's sister from her father's first marriage.

She pauses to catch her breath. Everybody's momentarily confused - then, in a pathetically pleading voice:

PETER

Please don't take our half-uncle - he's the only family we've got.

114 BACK TO VAN PELT...

114

He squeezes off ANOTHER SHOT. The silenced rifle COUGHS.

115 BACK TO BRIDGE...

115

The bullet grazes the roof of Bentley's cruiser. Alan now realizes he's being fired upon: Van Pelt! His phobia kicks into gear. Very quickly, to Peter:

ALAN

It's all right - I'll be back soon and we can finish the game later...

Then he dives into the police car, slamming the door.

115 CONTINUED:

115

ALAN
Let's go, officer.

Everyone is momentarily taken aback by Alan's behavior.

ALAN
Come on!!

Bentley hops in behind the wheel. As he pulls away:

BENTLEY
I suggest you all get home - something's
not right in Brantford.

116 BACK TO VAN PELT...

116

He curses, shoulders his rifle and stalks off through the woods.

117 BACK TO THE BRIDGE...

117

JUDY
Now what're we gonna do?

SARAH
We have to get him back - I'm not gonna
play this game without him.

PETER (O.S.)
(terrified)
Judy!

DOWN THE BRIDGE... PETER is kneeling over the game. Judy
and Sarah run over to him.

SARAH
What happened?

PETER
I tried to end the game! I was only ten
spaces away!

*
*
*

EVERYONE looks at THE BOARD - The following rhyme appears:

JUDY
A law of Jumanji having been broken; you
will slip back even more than your token.

SARAH
You tried to cheat?

PETER
I didn't get a high enough roll so I tried
to change the dice.

117 CONTINUED: (2)

117

PETER'S TOKEN has moved backward to the beginning space.

JUDY

Your hands, Peter! Look at your hands!

Peter holds up his hands. They are growing dark fur!
Peter looks miserably at Judy and Sarah.

118 INT. BENTLEY'S CRUISER - DRIVING

118

Bentley speeds toward town. Alan, handcuffed in the back seat, leans forward anxiously talking to Bentley. The chatter on Bentley's radio describes the chaos in the town square.

BENTLEY

So what's this all about? I know you know.

ALAN

I can't explain it to you, Carl - and you wouldn't believe me even if I could.

BENTLEY

Wait a minute, wait a minute - how do you know my name is Carl?

ALAN

I know more than that - you used to work on the stamping line at Parrish Shoes... They called you Sole Man.

BENTLEY

(looking at Alan suspiciously)
Yeah, that's right... until Old Man Parrish fired me.

ALAN

Fired you?

BENTLEY

(wistfully)
And I had something could've put this town on the map...

Alan gives him a puzzled look.

BENTLEY

I don't know what they wear on their feet where you've been, but look around here - air-cushioned, leather-sided, high-topped, waffle-soled sneakers! And I saw it all coming back in nineteen-sixty-nine - I

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED:

113

BENTLEY (cont'd)
made a shoe that put anything they got on
the street today to shame...

ALAN
(remembering)
... So what happened?

BENTLEY
The Parrish kid put it down on the sole
stamping belt - wrecked the shoe, wrecked
the machine and got me fired on the spot.
(with bitter irony)
Lucky for me this town turned so mean when
the factory folded - or I wouldn't have a
job. They had to double the police force
from three to six.

Alan sits there, moved and saddened. After a moment:

ALAN
I know it doesn't help, but I apologize.

BENTLEY
Apologize for what?

ALAN
For ruining everything.

Bentley looks in the rear view mirror, studying Alan's face.
His eyes widen; he sharply inhales. It hits him like a hammer.

119 EXT. BRANTFORD - STREET

119

Bentley's cruiser SCREECHES to a stop, fishtailing.

120 *** OMIT

120

121 *** OMIT

121

122 EXT. BRANTFORD TOWN SQUARE - DAY

122

Sarah, Judy and Peter hop out the back of a PICK-UP TRUCK.

SARAH
(to the DRIVER)
Thanks...

And the threesome hurries across the town square, nervously
looking around. Peter's starting to look vaguely like a baboon.

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED:

122

The consequences of the Jumanji game are in full bloom. The place is a disaster. Chaos reigns.

Stores have been pillaged by monkeys and/or people... CARS are parked helter skelter... An AMBULANCE races past... A MAN

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED:

122

lurches down the sidewalk, face flushed, clearly diseased... We HEAR MONKEY CHATTERING in the windows of a store above, then merchandise comes flying out... LOOTERS race out of stores with their arms full.

A MOTORCYCLE ZOOMS past, driven by THREE MONKEYS. Peter controls a simian impulse to run after them.

*
*

123 CLOSE ON ATM SCREEN...

123

It flashes the message "TEMPORARILY OUT OF SERVICE."

124 EXT. ATM

124

WIDEN TO REVEAL... A frustrated Sarah, standing before it.

SARAH

Maybe we can bail him out with a check.

Suddenly, Judy SCREAMS. Sarah and Peter whirl around: standing before them is none other than...

... VAN PELT!

He YANKS the game board from Peter. He waves the board in front of him.

VAN PELT

Tell that coward that if he treasures this toy, he can meet me at...

*
*
*

He trails off, his eyes glued to the box. He's fascinated and puzzled by it

*
*

INSERT - THE GAME BOARD... The GREAT WHITE HUNTER depicted on the exterior cover of the board is Van Pelt, looking exactly like himself.

*
*
*

VAN PELT gazes upon it, squinting with ever-increasing perplexity, his mouth open as if trying to get some air to his brain, so it might actually produce a thought...

*
*
*

... but his existential crisis is cut short by a HOARD OF PANICKED TOWNSFOLK swarming past, engulfing him in their midst.

*
*

Peter, seeing his chance, fights his way through the crowd, snatching the game from Van Pelt and darting through the crowd across the street.

JUDY

PETER!!!

124 CONTINUED:

124

A car SCREECHES to a halt, almost hitting Peter. The Driver LEAPS out to yell at him. THE GROUND RUMBLES!! He looks down the street to see a STAMPEDE approaching at FULL SPEED. The driver turns and flees. Peter dives into the car.

THE STAMPEDE is CHARGING down MAIN STREET - straight at the stranded car!

The RUMBLING SOUND is deafening: DUST, HOOVES, FLYING DEBRIS, COMMOTION! We catch snatches of Judy, Sarah and Van Pelt, but it's all obscured by charging animals!

The car is pummeled and trampled by the thundering herd. The doors are BLOWN OFF, the GLASS is SHATTERED, the TIRES are FLATTENED.

125 INT. CAR

125

To his horror Peter sees the roof caving in on him with each giant footstep. He screams.

When the roof is only inches from Peter's head, the pounding abruptly ceases. The RUMBLING diminishes in the distance. The dust clears.

126 EXT. INTERSECTION

126

As Van Pelt approaches the flattened car:

JUDY / SARAH
PETER!!! NO!!!

They try to get to Peter before Van Pelt, but their progress is impeded by the crowd of panicked townspeople. .

Van Pelt stoops and looks in the flattened car; inside he sees Peter desperately clinging to the game board with his fingertips

VAN PELT
Give me that, boy.

Peter only clings harder. Van Pelt calmly extracts the game from his grasp.

PETER
NO!! AHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!

Sarah and Judy reach the car as Van Pelt lopes down Main Street.

PETER
Help! Get me out of here!

126A EXT. BRANTFORD STREET

126A*

Judy, Sarah and Peter run down the street leaping over the
litter of broken glass and crates, searching for Van Pelt.

SARAH

There!

She points out Van Pelt disappearing into a giant discount store
called SIR SAV-A-LOT. They run towards it.

127 INT. SIR SAV-A-LOT - DAY

127*

A vast, many-aisled discount store. Van Pelt heads down an aisle of the store.

In the background, we see several uniformed store EMPLOYEES futilely trying to stop LOOTERS running amok in the store, while other EMPLOYEES are busily doing some looting themselves. As he passes, people get out of his way.

128 EXT. SIR SAV-A-LOT - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

128*

Sarah, Judy and Peter come in the door.

129 INT. SIR SAV-A-LOT - DAY

129

They sneak cautiously down an aisle of the store, as looters ransack the shelves. At the end of the aisle, they turn and sneak past the mouths of several aisles, peeking into them. No sign of Van Pelt.

Then down a toy aisle:

JUDY

Look!

No Van Pelt - just a few looters... but the Jumanji box sits atop a glass display counter.

SARAH

Wait here...

She rushes towards it, and just as she reaches for it - a BIG HAND clamps down on her wrist and Van Pelt rises from behind the counter. Peter and Judy disappear around a corner. Some looters down the aisle freeze in their tracks and watch as Van Pelt frags Sarah to the end of the counter.

SARAH

I might have known.

VAN PELT

But you didn't. Now when Alan hears that I have you, he'll come, and I'll bag him at last.

SARAH

Great plan, genius - but how's he gonna find out you've got me?

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED:

129

Van Pelt smiles and fires off a barrage of bullets into the ceiling.

VAN PELT

(roaring)

Don't move, woman, or I'll bloody well
blow you to chips and snippets!

Employees and looters drop their stuff and run towards the main entrance of the store. Van Pelt watches them satisfied.

VAN PELT

Alan will hear of your predicament soon
enough.

He yells in pain as Peter the baboon pops up from behind the counter and BITES him on the knee. Judy pops up and points the counter's laser price reading gun into Van Pelt's face - he yowls as the red laser temporarily blinds him.

Sarah grabs the game, and they run off, scattering as the enraged Van Pelt fires.

130 EXT. BRANTFORD - STREET

130

Alan (his hands still cuffed) is pacing excitedly by the police car. Confused radio chatter continues in the b.g.

ALAN

(pleading)

Carl, you gotta believe me - if you let me go, I can stop all this. I'll explain later. But right now, you gotta help me!

BENTLEY

Last time I tried to help you, I lost everything I had...

ALAN

It's different this time!

Bentley considers for a moment, then pulls out his keys.

BENTLEY

I know I'm gonna regret this...
(reluctantly unlocking the cuffs)
What can I do?

ALAN

Nothing.

In a lightning fast move, ALAN snaps one cuff on BENTLEY'S wrist - and the other on the driver's side door frame.

ALAN

This is something I have to do on my own.

ALAN tosses the handcuff keys into the field. He starts to run down the road.

BENTLEY

(furious)

AAAAALLLLLLAAAAAAAAN!

ALAN

(yelling over his shoulder)
You'll thank me someday.

The radio crackles to life.

LORRAINE (O.C.)

Carl. Come in, Carl. Possible hostage situation at the Sir Sav-a-lot involving woman, two children and...

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED:

130

Alan stops, transfixed by the message. He runs back to the car. *

LORRAINE (O.C.) *

... heavily-armed Caucasian resembling the
perpetrator you referenced earlier. Are
you there, Carl? *

(CONTINUED)

130 CONTINUED: (2)

LORRAINE (cont'd)

130

ALAN

Van Pelt! He's got them!
 (trying to wrestle Bentley into
 the car)
 Get in! We're going downtown!

BENTLEY

What? How do you expect me to...

Alan SHOVES him into the driver's seat and climbs in next to him. Bentley's right arm is still handcuffed to the doorpost, and Bentley is almost in Alan's lap.

ALAN

Don't worry, I've done this before.

Alan turns the ignition key, starting the engine.

ALAN

(almost to himself)
 Once...

BENTLEY

God help me.

Alan FLOORS the gas pedal; the car's in reverse. He burns rubber backward down the street, fishtails a one-eighty, and takes off toward town.

131 INT. SIR SAV-A-LOT - THAT MOMENT

131*

BLAM! Van Pelt's shooting at Sarah as she races down an aisle of the store - she turns and disappears...

Van Pelt takes the turn, and charges into the Cheesy Women's Apparel Section, and pumps three rounds into the first blonde female figure he sees... which happens to be a mannequin.

CUT TO:

SPORTING GOODS SECTION - SEVERAL AISLES AWAY

Peter runs through the sporting goods section - and stops short, his eyes fixed on an aluminum canoe.

CUT TO:

WOMEN'S APPAREL SECTION

Van Pelt runs amidst the racks, searching for Sarah, trampling dresses, and shooting mannequins left and right...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Low down, amidst the dresses, Sarah runs, bending low. She sees
Judy a few yards away. She puts the Jumanji box in a shopping
cart - and pushes it over to Judy. Judy dashes out of the
racks, pushing the cart. Van Pelt goes after her.

CUT TO:

THE SPORTING GOODS SECTION

Peter grabs a double scuba tank on a B.C. vest and lugs it down
the aisle...

CUT TO:

HOME LIGHTING SECTION

Van Pelt chases Judy, blowing away dozens of hanging light
fixtures. Judy turns another corner.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

132 INT. PATROL CAR - THAT MOMENT

132

Alan drives impossibly fast through the outskirts of town as Bentley cowers next to him. The Patrol car's so battered and shot up, it's barely holding together.

ALAN

Where's this Sir Sav-a-lot place?

BENTLEY

Monroe and Elm.

ALAN

Next to the Episcopal Church?

BENTLEY

Church? That's a Speedy Burger now.

(sadly shaking his head)

Or it was, but who knows what's left of it now the folks around here have gone out of their minds.

Suddenly, FLASHING LIGHTS approach from behind. Alan and Bentley look over as a POLICE MOTORCYCLE driven by THREE MONKEYS pull up along side them. One monkey wears a motorcycle helmet, another one brandishes a service revolver. The monkeys look over at Alan and Bentley. Alan scowls, hits the gas, and leaves the monkeys behind.

133 INT. SIR SAV-A-LOT - THAT MOMENT

133*

IN THE SPORTING GOODS SECTION, Peter's running, dumping liquid detergent all over the floor. He sees Judy rushing past the aisle, pushing the cart.

PETER

Psst!

CUT TO:

A NEARBY AISLE:

Van Felt's running, his face red with rage and frustration. He turns a corner, runs past several rows, and then spots Judy. She looks at him, then disappears behind some heavy weightlifting machines... clearly trapping herself in a corner.

He smiles, and gives chase...

CLOSE ON HIS BOOTS hitting the liquid detergent Peter has poured on the floor. He skids, doing a crazy two-step, trying to stay on his feet...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Peter pops up from behind something veiled in a tarp. He yanks off the tarp, revealing the aluminum canoe. The scuba tanks are strapped onto the stern, and a paddle's strapped across the bow gunwails, sticking out on both sides of the canoe. He grabs a hammer, and gives the valves on the scuba tanks a mighty whack!

PPPPSSHHHHH!!! The compressed air shoots out of the tanks, and the canoe rockets across the slippery floor at about 100 MPH towards Van Pelt. He tries to dodge out of the way, but the bow of the canoe goes between his legs, and the protruding paddle hits his knees... and he falls headfirst into the canoe.

The canoe tears down the aisle, AND ROCKETS HIM THROUGH A FAMILY OF MANNEQUINS ALL RIGGED UP FOR A CAMPING TRIP... In pieces, they all join him for the trip...

... right into the door of a big tent, which bulges, rips, and collapses around him. From within, come furious screams, and mindless gunfire.

Judy and Sarah come rushing around the corner.

SARAH

C'mon! Let's get out of here!

They skirt around the soap. Sarah takes the game, and they start running towards a rear exit sign through the paint section.

BEHIND THEM:

Van Pelt rips his way out of the tent, and sees them going. He raises his rifle - he can still get a clear shot at them.

134 INT. PATROL CAR - THAT MOMENT

134

Alan sees the SIR SAV-A-LOT at the end of the street, dead ahead.

BENTLEY

Slow down!

Alan hits the brakes. The PEDAL goes to the floor.

134A INSERT - UNDER THE CAR

134A

BRAKE FLUID wildly spurts out.

134B BACK TO SCENE...

134B*

Alan frantically pumps the pedal. Nothing happens

(CONTINUED)

134BCONTINUED:

134B

ALAN / BENTLEY

WAAAAAAAAAH!!!!

135 INT. SIR SAV-A-LOT

135*

His rifle rock steady, Van Pelt fires: we're sure he's going to drop one of our heroes - but instead, he has shot out the latch on a huge rack of RV Tires... A metal bar swings open...

... and there's an avalanche of tires - stopping the escape, and burying Peter.

Sarah and Judy stop to free Peter...

... and Van Pelt looms over them. Sarah shrinks back, clutching the board game to her chest as though it were a shield.

VAN PELT

Stop your cringing - it's unportamanlike to shoot defenceless women.

SARAH

(livid)

That is absolutely the sickest thing I have ever heard!

Van Pelt laughs, and yanks the game from her hand.

VAN PELT

He will come to me now.

135 CONTINUED:

VAN PELT (cont'd)

135

135A ANGLE ON THE FRONT WINDOW...

135A

BENTLEY'S CRUISER comes FLYING through with a TREMENDOUS, EAR-SPLITTING CRASH!

136 *** OMIT

136

137 BACK TO VAN PELT...

137

Spinning around, hearing the crash. For a second, he sees nothing...

... then RACKS OF SHELVES start EXPLODING and merchandise comes flying in all directions. Van Pelt takes one step back...

... and with that, the CRUISER comes SMASHING through the maelstrom of merchandise. Van Pelt's eyes widen in horror, and the game flies out of his hand...

... AS HE'S BURIED UNDER A MOUND OF PAINT CANS as the cruiser is finally halted by a floor-to-ceiling PAINT DISPLAY....

Alan leaps out of the car, looking at the mound of paint cans with enormous relief. The DRIVER'S DOOR falls off, with the half-conscious Bentley still attached. Spotting Sarah and Judy:

ALAN

Thank God, you're all right! Where's Peter?

Too shocked to speak, Sarah points at the pile of tires. Alan pulls away some tires...

... and as the little monkey face appears, smiling at him - Alan's eyes go wide in shock.

138 EXT. ROAD - OUTSKIRTS OF BRANTFORD - DAY

138

Nora's Thunderbird travels down the tree-lined road.

139 INT. NORA'S THUNDERBIRD - DRIVING

139*

As she drives, Nora's listening to a MOTIVATIONAL TAPE:

VOICE OVER

So, remember: circumstances are never out
of your control. BEEP... End of tape
three. Please insert tape number four -
The Three C's: Composure, Charisma and -

*
*

The TAPE suddenly GRINDS to a garbled halt.

*

NORA

Oh, great...

*
*

140 OUTSIDE THE FRONT WINDSHIELD...

140*

A stoplight turns RED. The Thunderbird stops.

*

BACK TO SCENE...

*

Nora ejects the tape - and the RADIO comes:

*

RADIO NEWSCASTER

Now for an update on the extraordinary
events unfolding in Brantford, New
Hampshire, where at least ninety-eight
people have been hospitalized with
symptoms raging from inexplicable fevers
and rashes to violent seizures... Local
resources have been strained to breaking
point - and state health officials are now
asking anyone experiencing such symptoms
to dial a special hotline number...
Immunologists from Atlanta's Center for
Disease Control have stated that...

NORA

Oh, my God - the kids...

But her concern is upstaged by something more immediate: the CAR
starts to violently SHAKE - and the radio's drowned out by a
steadily increasing RUMBLE.

NORA'S POV - OUT THE FRONT WINDSHIELD...

*

The STAMPEDE PASSING THE CAR AS IT TEARS THROUGH THE
INTERSECTION. It seems endless.

*
*

BACK TO SCENE...

*

Nora just sits there, staring out the windshield, so overloaded
her face has gone blank.

CONTINUED:

After a moment, almost catatonically, she gets out of the car.

141 WIDE SHOT - BRANTFORD INTERSECTION

141

As Nora stands staring at the stampede, her door still open...

... a PANICKED MONKEY comes zooming from across the street - and seeking any shelter possible, dives into the Thunderbird.

The RUMBLING dies out - and Nora gets back into the car, driving off.

HIGH ANGLE ON THE STREET...

As the car crosses the trashed intersection, we suddenly HEAR NORA SCREAM. The car SWERVES, then skid off the road, plunging nose first into a ditch.

Nora scrambles wildly out - and runs down the road, still screaming. The Monkey's mocking CHATTER comes from the ditched car.

142 INT. SIR SAV-A-LOT - MOMENTS LATER

142

Bentley drags the cruiser door into the hand tool section. He grabs a hacksaw off the rack and starts sawing the handcuff chain.

143 EXT. BRANTFORD - STREET / PARRISH HOUSE - DAY

143

Alan, Sarah and Judy and Peter are hurrying toward the Parrish home. Peter slows down, walking funny and beginning to make pathetic little whimpering noises. Sarah looks back at him, her heart breaking for the little guy.

SARAH

Talk to him, Alan.

Alan drops back to Peter - and after an awkward moment:

ALAN

Well, Peter - you cheated, and now you're going to have to face the consequences like a man.

Peter stops - and lets out a groaning wail.

ALAN

Come on - chin up... Crying never did anybody any good. If you've got a problem, you've got to face it...

(CONTINUED)

143 CONTINUED:

143

Instead, Peter begins inconsolably sobbing. Alan stops dead in his tracks as it slowly all hits him.

SCRIPT FLY

143 CONTINUED: (2)

143

ALAN

You're right, you're right - I'm totally insensitive... Twenty-six years buried in the darkest, remotest jungle and I still became my father...

Feeling horribly ashamed of himself, he hugs Peter.

ALAN

I'm sorry, Peter - I'm sorry...

It's as if he's been relieved of a huge weight. He sits there, his arms around Peter, deeply moved - until...

PETER

(finally looking up)

It's not that...

ALAN

Then... what is it?

Peter looks around to make sure the girls aren't watching - then whispers into Alan's ear. Alan, surprised, looks down.

HIS POV... the tip of a FURRY TAIL sticking uncomfortably from the bottom Peter's pant leg.

CLOSE ON... Peter's face, a look of relief coming over it as we hear a RIPPING sound.

ANGLE ON THE GIRLS... They are watching now. Their mouths drop open in unison.

ANGLE ON PETER'S BACK... The TAIL sticks straight out from the hole Alan just ripped in the seat of Peter's pants.

WIDEN AS...

ALAN

Okay. Now, don't worry - we'll get you turned back into you in no time flat. We're going right back in there, sitting down and together, we'll finish this thing, no matter -

They're on the porch now. Alan pushes open the door of the house...

144 INT. PARRISH HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

144

He steps into the house and freezes, staring in awe.

ALAN

... what?

SARAH

Oh, no...

SCRIPT FLY

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED:

144

REVERSE ANGLE... The walls are barely discernible under gnarled coverings of vine. The CRYSTAL CHANDELIER in the foyer casts light through leaves, creating an eerie dappled effect on the floor. The creations of man have given way to the forces of nature.

EVERYONE stares at the room, very unnerved.

SARAH

Maybe we should play somewhere else...

ALAN

No, I've been dealing with this stuff all my life - it's the stuff out there that throws me.

SARAH

(dubiously)

Okaaaaay

145 INT. SIR SAV-A-LOT - AT THAT MOMENT

145*

Bentley slams the hood of his cruiser down - and it falls off. He throws an empty can of brake fluid aside and sits in the driver's seat, strapping himself in and starting the car. A light FLASHES on his dashboard: DOOR AJAR. He slams the car into reverse - and as he peels out of the hardware store...

HOLD ON A MOUND OF PAINT CANS... After a moment, a PAINT-COVERED HAND emerges, fingers twitching: Van Pelt...

146 INT. BENTLEY'S CRUISER

146

BENTLEY

(on the c.b.)

Lorraine, this is Carl. I know who's behind all this insanity - I'm on my way to the Parrish house, give me some back-up... Lorraine..?

In response, MONKEY CHATTER fills the airwaves. Bentley looks at the handset and throws it down.

147 EXT. BRANTFORD - STREET - DAY

147

Nora slogs down the street. She hears a car approaching and waves her arms and shouts.

NORA

Help! Help! Stop!

(CONTINUED)

148 INT. BENTLEY'S CRUISER

148

Bentley sees the hysterical Nora running towards him.

BENTLEY

(as he pulls over)

Now what?

149 BACK TO SCENE

149

SEVERAL VINE TENDRILS snake out of the woods and grab for her ankle, just missing her. She arrives out of breath at the side of Bentley's wrecked patrol car.

(CONTINUED)

BENTLEY

You alright, Ma'am?

She eyes the condition of his car, weighing it against his business-as-usual manner.

NORA

No - I am not all right. I need to get home immediately.

BENTLEY

Where do you live?

ACROSS THE STREET - THE VINE TENDRILS snake across the road. Now we see that they're the mere ends of an ENORMOUS VINE STALK as thick as a telephone pole.

NORA

Jefferson Street. The old Parrish place.

BENTLEY

(his ears pricking up)
You got kids - boy and a girl?

NORA

Oh, my God. What happened?

BENTLEY

I'll tell you on the way. Get in.

NORA

I knew it! I knew I couldn't handle this!
I'm a terrible mother - and now something
terrible has happened!

It's then she sees a VINE appearing in the open passenger window behind Bentley. She SCREAMS HYSTERICALLY.

BENTLEY

Calm down, ma'am - you're overreacting.

Still SCREAMING, she manages to point as she sees the VINE starting to reach for Bentley's neck.

He looks around and SCREAMS, diving out his doorless door as the VINE wraps around the bottom of the car - AND DRAGS IT SIDEWAYS OFF THE ROAD. It disappears into the foliage as if it's been eaten. Bentley's furious:

BENTLEY

Fine! Take it!
(professionally collecting
himself)

149 CONTINUED: (2)

149

Sorry, ma'am - we'll have to walk.

150 INT. PARRISH HOUSE FOYER - MINUTES LATER

150

THE GAME BOARD rests on the marble floor. WIDEN TO...

The four players kneeling around the board, about to resume. We PAN from face to face: SARAH... JUDY... ALAN... PETER (as a BABOON)... Everyone eyes their surroundings uneasily.

ALAN

Well, this place always needed a little more life...

Sarah looks across the board at Alan, no longer any animosity in her eyes. He returns the look for a long, electric moment - broken by:

JUDY

Sarah - if you roll a twelve, you'll win!

Sarah closes her eyes and clenches the dice in her fist, willing them to win.

She tosses the dice. All eyes are on them. FIVE! Four disappointed sighs. Her piece moves and she reads her rhyme.

SARAH

Every month at the quarter moon. There is a monsoon in your lagoon. Monsoon? Good thing we're inside. Judy, quick.

(handing her the dice)

It's your turn.

But miraculously (because we're indoors), there's FLASH OF LIGHTNING overhead - then an ominous rumble of THUNDER. The most torrential rainstorm ever filmed falls in the living room - a home biblical deluge. Visibility is five feet.

The room is instantly flooded with a foot of water. The game board starts to float away. Alan grabs it.

The water is rising impossibly fast - and the storm is so violent, the characters must SHOUT. (They'll continue to do so until the rain stops.)

SARAH

WHAT DO WE DO NOW?

ALAN

GET TO HIGHER GROUND!

150 CONTINUED:

150

Alan, Peter, Judy and Sarah run through three feet of water now into the FOYER, heading for the staircase, where they encounter...

TORRENTS OF WATER cascading down the STAIRCASE from the mezzanine above. It's terrifying, like a flash flood. They try to climb the stairs but the water flow is too powerful. They get pushed back. The water's now neck-deep. Judy and Peter are treading water. Alan looks around, thinking fast. He sees the HUGE CRYSTAL CHANDELIER in the foyer.

ALAN

COME ON!

But SARAH'S looking down the hallway, apoplectic.

SARAH

ALAN!!

Alan and the others turn to see...

TWO 25 FOOT CROCODILES, as big and as terrifying as great white sharks, paddling down the HALLWAY toward the LIVING ROOM.

ALAN

SWIM!

The house now resembles a JUNGLE LAGOON. Overhead, THUNDER RUMBLES and LIGHTNING CRACKS. PIECES OF FURNITURE float by.

THE FOURSOME swims to the chandelier with the CROCODILES hot on their tails.

The foursome reaches the DINING ROOM TABLE floating like a raft near the chandelier. ALAN gets there first, pulling himself up - then helps the others up.

The crocodiles emerge from the water next to the table. Judy sees them and recoils:

JUDY

AHHHHH!

The CROCKS lunge, SNAPPING at the foursome's feet - then falling back in the water. The water continues to rise! Alan makes a "stirrup" with his hands.

ALAN

CLIMB!

Alan hoists Judy, then Peter, into the "limbs" of the chandelier. Judy has the game board.

150 CONTINUED: (2)

150

The water continues to rise. The CROCODILES circle, licking their chops.

The chandelier is swinging and spinning with the shifting weight of Judy and Peter.

Suddenly a CROCODILE lurches up and lands, WHUMP, on the other end of the table, raising Sarah's and Alan's end like a teeter-totter. The table SMASHES into the chandelier, rocking it.

Peter loses his grip and falls in the water! He GOES UNDER!

PETER

AHHH! HELP!

SARAH slides down the table (it is inclined about 30 degrees) toward the crocodile. Her feet slam against the crocodile's snout - a foot on one jaw, a foot on the other.

ALAN reaches down and grabs Peter's tail, pulling him up as PETER'S HEAD is pulled - SNAP!! - out of A CROCODILE'S JAWS.

SARAH look around frantically. The crocodile opens and shuts his mouth, scissoring Sarah's legs open and shut. She SCREAMS!

Suddenly ALAN leaps down and grabs the crocodile bodily, rolling with it into the turgid water.

Alan and the crocodile wrestle, thrashing about in the water. ABOVE... SARAH AND THE KIDS look down on Alan's predicament in horror. The other croc sees the commotion in the water and paddles menacingly toward the struggle.

SARAH

ALAN!!!

151 EXT. PARRISH HOME - DAY

151

Nora and Bentley approach the house. They hear SCREAMING within. As they draw closer, they see a STREAM OF WATER coming from under the door.

NORA

Oh, no, oh no - those poor children. God forgive me.

Bentley draws his gun.

BENTLEY

Let me handle this, Ma'am.

Bentley grips the doorknob and turns it. A WALL OF WATER containing HALF THE FURNITURE comes flushing out, tearing the DOUBLE DOORS off their hinges...

*
*
*

*

*
*
*

151 CONTINUED:

151

BENTLEY and NORA are thrown atop the doors, blown off the stoop and washed into the street. They disappear down the white water river-like street on them.

152 INT. PARRISH HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

152

It's like somebody let the plug out of a bathtub. Alan and the crocodiles are swimming against the tidal pull of the flushing water, like they're in swimming place. One crocodile flushes out the door.

From the chandelier, Peter stretches out his paw as far as he can to Alan. Alan grabs it. Peter is being pulled from the chandelier. Judy, then Sarah in turn, form links in the human chain.

The floodwater sweeps on out the door. The crocodile paddles furiously, almost reaching Alan's legs. Sarah heaves back with the last of her strength, giving Alan a tiny advantage. The crocodile loses the race and is swept out the door.

Alan finds his feet on solid ground. He gets up quickly and hops up onto the table. He helps down Judy and Peter.

Next comes Sarah. She slides down into Alan's arms. They step to the floor. Their faces are close. The moment is charged.

SARAH

(softly)

You wrestled an alligator for me.

She moves closer to him. He smiles. She touches his arm - and suddenly the intimacy proves to be too much for him.

ALAN

It was a crocodile, actually - alligators don't have that fringe on their hind legs.
(after a beat)

Come on - we better get upstairs.

As he walks away, Jusy appears - and sees Sarah watching Alan's retreat with a bemused smile. Sadly shaking her head:

SARAH

Fear of intimacy...

153 INT. PARRISH HOME - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

153

The group reaches the landing. VINES are everywhere. THE GIANT POD blocks one hallway, the LION growls from the other.

ALAN.

Upstairs! The attic's safer.

They continue up the spiral staircase.

154 INT. PARRISH HOME - ATTIC - DUSK

154

The foursome enters. Alan cleans off the top of an old steamer trunk and puts down the game. They gather around and slump down exhausted on crates and boxes. Alan looks around the circle of faces. No one speaks. He studies the board and the positions of the tokens carefully, picks up the dice, and is about to drop them, then stops...

ALAN

Uh-oh...

(They all look at him -
worried...)

... Did I forget to collect two hundred
dollars last time I passed Go?

He laughs at his own joke, but nobody else does.

ALAN

Okay, okay...

But as he lets the dice fall, we see an appreciative little smile on Sarah's face. The dice land, and Alan's piece slides forward. He reads:

ALAN

"You better watch just where you stand,
the floor is quicker than quick sand."

Alan's crate instantly sinks. Sarah grabs the dice, Peter grabs the game board. Everyone dives from their seats and tumbles away as...

THE FLOOR BENEATH ALAN becomes a rippling, thick, wood-grained LIQUID. It enlarges, until the oozing pool is ten feet across with Alan in its center!

He frantically clings to the trunk; but it sinks beneath him. He's engulfed in the floor, and going down fast.

Sarah, Judy and Peter watch in horror. They are frozen, paralyzed with fear.

154 CONTINUED:

154

SARAH

(Trying to remain calm)

Alan! Don't struggle!

ALAN

(panicking)

Help me!

Judy looks around the attic, grabs an old MUSIC STAND - and races back to Alan. She extends the legs to Alan. He grabs the base and tugs. The music stand is telescopic; it pulls apart. Alan sinks another six inches. He's now chest deep.

ALAN
Aaaahhhhhhh!!

Everybody looks around frantically. Peter sees a TROMBONE in a corner. *

PETER
Hold on!

ALAN sinks deeper! Peter runs and gets the trombone, then back to Alan. Alan is neck deep now.

PETER extends the slide of the trombone to ALAN, who clutches it. Sarah and Peter grab the MOUTHPIECE end.

SARAH
PULL!!!

They heave-ho and the trombone pulls apart. Sarah and Peter collapse against the wall - and ALAN sinks even deeper! Judy looks around, and makes a quick decision - she rushes over to the game, and throws the dice. *

ALAN
STOP GIVING ME THINGS THAT COME APART!!!

Sarah grabs an old chair, and holding on to one of its legs, extends the back to Alan. He grabs for it... *

... and the rotten, termite-eaten chair comes apart. Alan groans. The liquid floor's about to take him down. Sarah lies down, plunging her arms up to the elbows in the sand, trying to pull him out. Peter the Baboon is frantically darting back and forth. *

Meanwhile, on the board, Judy's piece moves. Her rhyme appears. She reads: *

JUDY
"There is one thing that you will learn...
Sometimes you must go back a turn!"

JUDY'S PIECE MOVES BACKWARD - and...

155 THE POOL OF LIQUID FLOOR IS INSTANTLY TRANSFORMED BACK TO SOLID 155*
FLOORBOARDS, RESTORING EVERYTHING TO WHAT IT WAS - EXCEPT FOR...

155 CONTINUED:

155

ALAN and SARAH. Alan's head and Sarah's forearms remain trapped in the floorboards in the same position as when the quicksand was there.

It now looks like the floor has swallowed Alan - his head is tilted back so only the front half of his face (eyes, ears, nose, etc.) is showing, as well as his two outstretched forearms

155 CONTINUED:

155

and hands. He can move his hands. Sarah's hands are trapped, her butt sticking up in the air. Their faces are inches apart.

Judy and Peter kneel at Alan's head. With forced calm:

ALAN

Thank you, Judy - that was quick thinking... Sarah and I would like to get out of the floor now - I believe it's Peter's turn.

Peter and Judy hurry over to the board.

Sarah and Alan look at each other. They are so close, they are almost kissing. Sarah giggles nervously.

SARAH

In my support group, they'd say we were violating each others' personal space.

ALAN

Is that... bad?

SARAH

Oh, yeah - it's a cardinal sin...
(blushing)
... but I'm kind of enjoying it, really.

Alan nods in agreement. They look at each other for a long intimate moment - this time he can't walk away.

ALAN

Me, too...

Judy sets the game down and hands the dice to Peter. He thinks hard for a moment - then rolls. His piece moves. Judy reads for him:

JUDY

"Need a hand, why you just wait; We'll help you out, we each have eight."

156 We HEAR the scuttle of hundreds of feet - and suddenly...

156

A SPIDER THE SIZE OF A CAT drops from a beam on its thread.

SARAH AND JUDY SCREAM! PETER HOWLS! IN THE DARK CORNERS OF THE ATTIC glistening red eyes APPEAR and emerge into the light! GIANT SPIDERS! TEN, TWENTY, THIRTY OR MORE!

With his head stuck in the floor, Alan can't see around him.

156 CONTINUED:

156

ALAN

What is it? I can't see!

ALAN'S eyes scan the room desperately. They find a dusty, cracked mirror against the wall - and he sees the spiders.

ALAN

AAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!

Judy and Peter gape in disbelief. Sarah is quivering. Judy grabs the upper half of the music stand and bats the closest spiders away.

ALAN

PETER! My dad kept an ax in the woodshed!
Get it!

Peter hesitates a second, concentrating hard, then runs out of the room. SARAH SCREAMS! Judy turns and finds a spider inches from Sarah's feet; she knocks it away.

157 INT. STAIRCASE / FOYER - DUSK

157

PETER comes racing down the stairs. He turns the corner, skidding on the wood floor, and runs down the hallway toward the back door.

CAMERA PANS from PETER exiting the shot - to...

AUNT NORA entering, looking around in horror at the remains of her Bed and Breakfast. She's hyperventilating with fear..

NORA

Judy? Peter? Kids..?

The only reply is a mournful CALL from some unseen JUNGLE BIRD. She climbs the stairs, eyes heavenward as she mutters a prayer:

*
*

NORA

If you let them be okay, I'll never let them out of my...

She trails off as she happens to glance up to SEE... ALAN'S LEGS and SARAH'S HANDS stuck through the ceiling, dangling down into the second floor hallway! She SCREAMS bloody murder.

158 EXT. PARRISH HOME BACK YARD - DUSK

158

Peter runs up to the woodshed. The door is PADLOCKED. He looks around, panicking.

He sees a RUSTY AX leaning against the side of the shed. He grabs it and begins CHOPPING at the padlock, so he can get into the shed, so he can get...

158 CONTINUED:

158

He suddenly stops. Looks at the ax. He looks directly INTO CAMERA.

He runs back into the house with the ax.

159 INT. PARRISH HOME - 2ND FLOOR CORRIDOR

159

NORA comes staggering down the hall. She flings open her bedroom door to see:

160 INT. PARRISH HOME - MASTER BEDROOM

160

THE LION, snoozing on her BED! The Lion wakes up, glares, and ROOOAAARS, baring his teeth.

Nora slams the door. She turns away, nearly catatonic. Footsteps approach down the hall. She looks up.

A small baboon with an ax runs straight at her! She opens her mouth to scream and nothing comes out. The baboon stops.

PETER

(his voice screeching like some
weird animal)

Aunt! Me! Peter!

Nora finally finds her voice and lets out a scream that could shatter glass. She backs across the hall and right into the linen closet.

PETER

Can't talk now. Explain later.

Peter slams the closet door shut and locks it.

161 INT. ATTIC - THAT MOMENT

161

SWAT! Judy bats a spider... but she seems to be slowly losing the battle as MORE AND MORE SPIDERS advance, gradually closing the circle.

ALAN

(getting an idea, his mind
racing)

SARAH! It's YOUR TURN! All you need is a
SEVEN!

SARAH

I can't roll!!!...

ALAN

WAIT! MAYBE YOU CAN!

161 CONTINUED:

161

Alan bares his teeth. Sarah looks at him. She understands.

SARAH
OF COURSE!

ALAN
JUDY, BRING THE GAME!! QUICK!!

Judy swats a particularly large spider, then runs to the game. She lifts the box - and a POISONOUS PURPLE FLOWER arches, cobra-like from underneath, its POISON BARBS quivering.

Peter DASHES into the attic, sees the flower and Judy.

PETER
JUUDYDYDYDYDY!!

The VINE LUNGES! Judy SCREAMS! The BARBS flit through the air, sticking into Judy's neck.

Peter swings the ax, LOPPING off the flower's malevolent head. He rushes fearfully to his sister's side.

PETER
Judy? You okay?

She brushes the barbs from her neck, but the poison has already begun to take effect. Her knees get wobbly, but she keeps up a good front.

JUDY
I'm fine, Peter! Help them!

Judy, struggling, hurries over to Sarah and Alan with the board.

Peter turns and sees a spider heading right for Alan's head. He leaps across the room, landing between Alan and the spider. The ARACHNID rears up, confronting Peter. Peter SCREECHES and kicks the spider across the attic.

SARAH
Judy! Give me the dice!

In a shaking hand, Judy holds the dice up to Sarah's face. Sarah picks up the dice with her teeth. She drops them on the board. The token starts to move...

ON THE BOARD...

The RHYME appears:

161 CONTINUED: (2)

161

SARAH

Judy! I can't see it! Read the rhyme!

JUDY

"You're almost there, with much at stake;

(Weaker)

But now...the ground...begins... to...
shake."

With that, Judy collapses. Alan and Sarah are helpless.

ALAN / SARAH

Judy! What's wrong!?!?

Peter, fending off the relentlessly advancing spiders, turns and sees Judy's collapsed form - she's turning colors and is barely conscious. He lets out a loud animal WAIL OF GRIEF - then runs to her, kneeling by her and cradling her head, too overcome to care about the advancing SPIDERS.

PETER

Does it hurt?

JUDY

(covering the pain)

No.

PETER

Liar.

Peter looks up and sees that the SPIDERS have completely surrounded them. He pulls Judy closer, trying to shield her. His eyes widen as they close in for the kill...

... But suddenly they FREEZE IN THEIR TRACKS; then quickly retreat, scattering to the far corners of the attic.

PETER

What...?

Alan is the first to sense why the spiders fled. He looks around WIDE-EYED. Nothing happens at first. No sound, no movement. Slowly the walls begin to RATTLE.

Judy looks at her brother with wet, fevered eyes, her lips moving. He bends down to hear her. In a weak whisper:

JUDY

... I wish Mom and Dad were here.

161 CONTINUED: (3)

161

PETER
(in tears)
I know.

The floor begins to SHAKE. JUDY weakens visibly. Alan and Sarah exchange terrified looks.

ALAN
(quietly, but urgently, to Sarah)
We've got to end the game - it's her only chance.

From the very depths of the earth, we HEAR the deepest, most unsettling, bone-crunching RUMBLE we've ever heard.

The floor begins to roll and shake. The STACKS of Parrish family JUNK in the attic TEETER and FALL. Peter holds Judy close, protecting her.

PETER
You're going to be okay, Judy. Just hang on, okay?

THE ATTIC FLOORBOARDS begin to separate - as...

162 EXT. PARRISH HOME - LONG SHOT - DUSK

162

The PARRISH HOME literally splits in two sections along the earthquake's fault line.

163 BACK TO ATTIC...

163

The floor opens up along a widening split. BOARDS SPLINTER, PLASTER FALLS, PIPES and WIRING SNAP AND SPARK!

ALAN and SARAH are being freed from the fracturing floor. The FISSURE EXPANDS.

Alan is suddenly HANGING IN SPACE, Sarah still clutching his forearms. Alan grabs the splintered ends of floorboards. The game slides to the edge of the chasm and TEETERS!

ALAN
Grab the game!

Sarah continues to hold onto Alan.

SARAH
I won't let you go!

He grabs for the game board as it falls through the air -but...

163 CONTINUED:

163

The GAME BOARD falls between the sections of house and lands precariously between two severed floorboards over an enormous chasm.

ALAN breaks free from Sarah. He grabs a nearby VINE, swings across the second floor to the destroyed staircase, pauses gracefully in mid-air to switch to another vine. He SWINGS down into the crevice between the two sections of house.

He swings past the game board, SNATCHING it, and jumps from the vine - landing...

164 INT. PARRISH HOME - LIVING ROOM - DUSK

164

... in the center of the LIVING ROOM. Alan's panting with effort, near exhaustion. He wipes the cold sweat from his eyes and sets the board game on the floor.

He pulls the dice from his pocket. This is the moment he's been waiting for twenty-five years. He says to himself, as if even he can't believe it:

ALAN

I'm going to do it! I'm going to end the game once and for all!

He's about to toss the dice - when suddenly...

VAN PELT (O.S.)

DON'T MOVE.

Alan whirls around. Across the LIVING ROOM comes...

Alan's greatest fear: VAN PELT! His khaki uniform is splotted with a dozen colors of paint - but he's still terrifying. He trains his rifle on Alan and slowly advances. Van Pelt cannot see from this vantage point the GAME BOARD on the floor behind a mound of vines.

He crosses the room, gun leveled at Alan's head.

VAN PELT

Shouldn't you be running?

ALAN

Not right now - I've got more important things to do.

This is not the response Van Pelt expected. He gets very suspicious and impatient.

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164 CONTINUED:

164

VAN PELT
Is this some kind of trick?
(looking Alan up and down)
... What's that in your hand?

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*

ALAN
Nothing.

VAN PELT
Nothing? Then drop it.

*
*

SARAH (O.S.)
You better do what he says.

Sarah, who has clambered down the broken staircase, appears behind Alan.

Alan's clenched fist is directly over the GAME BOARD. He lets the DICE fall from his hand...

ONE DIE FALLS ONTO THE GAME BOARD, LANDING "3"...

THE OTHER HITS THE EDGE OF THE GAME BOARD, BOUNCES, SCUTTLES ACROSS THE FLOOR AND ROLLS INTO THE EARTHQUAKE CREVICE, FALLING OUT OF SIGHT INTO THE EARTH!

ALAN and SARAH stare after it, wide-eyed - as:

VAN PELT
(contemptuously)
Better things to do? Like play with toys?
Playtime is over, little boy. Run!

*
*
*
*

Alan looks up at Van Pelt, and shakes his head,

IN THE CREVICE...

The die bounces from ledge to ledge.

*

VAN PELT...

*

is exasperated and confused by Alan's refusal to run.

*

VAN PELT
But... you have to run... Here - I will
let you run until I count three. One...

*
*
*

IN THE CREVICE...

*

The DIE lands on a ledge - and ROLLS in SLO-MO along a tiny ledge at the edge of an ABYSS...

*
*

CONTINUED:

VAN PELT (O.S.)

... two...

VAN PELT...

stares down the barrel of the gun at Alan.

VAN PELT

... and... THREE!

Alan holds his ground. Van Pelt slowly lowers the RIFLE. Alan is surprised to hear:

VAN PELT

At last you have proven yourself...

ALAN smiles... then is even more surprised to see VAN PELT RAISING THE RIFLE AGAIN.

VAN PELT

You're worthy quarry.

HIS FINGER MOVES TO THE TRIGGER...

VAN PELT

... Any last words?

AT THE EDGE OF THE ABYSS...

The DIE sloooooowly settles, balancing improbably on the shred of the ledge... IT READS TWO.

ON THE GAME BOARD...

ALAN'S TOKEN, in huge CLOSE-UP, advances to the "JUMANJI" SQUARE!

ALAN

(not quite believing it;

hoarsely)

Jumanji..?

VAN PELT FIRES! THE BULLET EXITS THE BARREL - AND...

SARAH THROWS HERSELF IN FRONT OF ALAN!

SARAH

NNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN!!!

THEN THE BULLET DEMATERIALIZES in mid-air, one foot from Sarah's head.

Time seems to stop. There is a RUSHING OF WIND, whipping round and round the walls of the living room.

CONTINUED:

CLOSE ON ALAN AND SARAH... They exchange looks: each knows the game is ending. They hold onto each other - as...

VAN PELT begins to turn to smoke, to dematerialize. He whirls around, terrified. His gun flies from his hand, vaporizing.

It's as if we're in a tornado's center, watching the walls of the tornado swirl around us. Suddenly the wall explodes and everything from the world of Jumanji is within this swirling circle of wind: the vines, the monkeys, the big mosquitoes, the rhinos and elephants, the spiders, the pelican, the zebras - and finally, Van Pelt...

And one by one, the Jumanji phenomena are compressed and sucked - SHHHUUUMMPPPP!!! - into the center of the board, VAN PELT going last, his head stuck like a cork in a bottle. SHUMMP!! He's sucked in - and he WAAIIILLLS back into the world of Jumanji.

165 INT. PARRISH HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

165

CAMERA is still tight on the game board, but PULLING BACK, it's no longer on the living room floor, but on a coffee table. CAMERA TILTS UP - to the FACES of...

ALAN PARRISH and SARAH WHITTLE, ages 12 and 13 again, clinging to each other in the LIVING ROOM exactly as it was in 1969.

Their mouths open with astonishment. They blink. They recoil from each other in shock - then they realize WHERE and WHO they are and dive into each other's arms again!

THE PENDULUM of the GRANDFATHER CLOCK is swinging again and we HEAR the last two GONGS.

Suddenly the front door opens. Alan and Sarah, startled, recoil again.

SAM PARRISH enters. He crosses toward the dining room, then sees Alan in the living room. He stops, his face as dark with anger as when he left.

Alan gets unsteadily to his feet. He can't believe his eyes. His father... ALIVE. He's so overcome with emotion, he can barely speak:

ALAN
Dad... You're back.

SAM
(stiffly)
I forgot my speech notes.

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165 CONTINUED:

165

He starts towards the dining room again - but Alan comes running across the room, and throws his arms around him, HUGGING him.

Such demonstrativeness is so unusual in the Parrish house that Sam just stands there, frozen: he's the one who suddenly looks like a little kid.

ALAN

Dad, Dad... I'm so glad you're back.

SAM

... I've only been gone five minutes.

ALAN

It seems like a lot longer to me.

It makes so little sense, Sam has no choice but to laugh, which breaks his reserve down - and to both his and Alan's surprise, he returns Alan's hug. In fact, it's not hard to see that he's as relieved and happy about the hug as Alan is.

SAM

Hey, I thought you weren't ever talking to me again.

ALAN

Whatever I said, I'm sorry.

Sam looks at him, knowing instinctively that somehow his son has changed. After a moment:

SAM

Look, Alan... I was angry... I'm... I'm sorry, too.

They stand there hugging for a few moments more.

SAM

And about Cliffside Academy...

ALAN

(trying to remember)
Cliffside?

SAM

Right... Why don't we talk it over tomorrow, man-to-man?

ALAN

Hmm... How about father-to-son?

Sam nods, then:

(CONTINUED)

Revised 12 11 94 -- YELLOW

111A.

165 CONTINUED: 2

165

SAM

Hey, I've got to get going!

(laughing)

I'm the guest of honor.

He starts to go, but:

ALAN

Dad? Back in nineteen si... I mean...
today... in the factory? It wasn't Carl
Bentley's fault. I put the shoe on the
assembly line.

SAM

I'm glad you told me, son...

Sam and his son exchange a long look, as if seeing each other in
a new light..

ALAN

Bye, Dad.

Sam leaves. Alan turns back to Sarah, looking like the weight
of the world has been lifted from his shoulders. His eyes fall
on the GAME BOARD - then...

ALAN

(it dawns on him)

Holy smokes - Judy and Peter! We gotta get
up to the attic!!!

Sarah puts her hand on his arm, stopping him.

JUDY

Alan - they're not there... We're back in
1969 - they don't even exist yet.

She opens her hand, revealing Judy and Peter's tokens. Alan
looks at them sadly - then looks up and, slightly stunned, sees
his 12 year-old body in the mirror.

(CONTINUED)

Revised 12 11 94 -- VELLIN

111.

155 CONTINUED: 3

155

Sarah appears beside him in the mirror, slightly stunned as well - as she runs her hands over her chest. Alan rubs his whiskerless jaw.

156 EXT. BRANTFORD - STONE BRIDGE - NIGHT

156*

Alan and Sarah, riding double on Alan's Schwinn, pedal up to the bridge. Sarah holds a PAPER GROCERY BAG. They stop in the middle.

Sarah holds open the bag; Alan reaches inside and pulls out the JUMANJI BOX, resting it on the bridge rail - it's clasped shut and two big ROCKS have been tied to it with twine.

ALAN

Well, here goes...

(CONTINUED)

166 CONTINUED:

166

With that, Billy Jessup pulls up on his bike, trailed by his gang. He looks at the two of them, then glares at Alan.

BILLY

I thought I told you to stay away from my girlfriend.

Alan and Sarah look at each other, unable to believe that after all they've been through they're going to have to deal with this.

SARAH

Billy - don't even waste your breath...

There's a slight glitch as Billy registers this. He glances around, not quite knowing how to respond - then his eyes fall on the Jumanji Box.

BILLY

Oh, yeah? Well, how 'bout I just take this?

AND HE SEIZES THE BOX, GLARING AT ALAN.

BILLY

What're you gonna do about it, Parrish?

Alan sighs, shaking his head.

ALAN

Billy - I know you're in the process of becoming an adolescent and it's a hard time for you, but all this bullying and acting out only draws attention to how insecure and emotionally underdeveloped you really are. I mean, what is it? Problems at home? Whatever it is, I think you should get some help - see a guidance counselor, talk to your father, whatever.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Because, believe me - there's no place for behavior like yours in the future.

Billy, completely disarmed, looks to his buddies for support. They're worthless - all staring at Alan, open-mouthed.

ALAN

And I'll take that...

With a huge smile, he relieves the speechless Billy of the box.

166 CONTINUED: (3)

166

Billy looks at Alan as if her were dangerously crazy - then, seeming very small, gets on his bike and rides off.

His buddies linger, looking at Alan with newfound admiration - then slowly follow after Billy. Alan and Sarah watch after them, trying to contain their glee - then Alan steps to the railing, heaving the box over. The box plunges into the turbulent river, landing with a SPLASH.

SARAH

I'm starting to feel like a kid again.

They watch it sink - then:

SARAH

Alan...? There's something I've really been wanting to do - and I better do it before I feel too much like a kid.

And she gives him a very adult kiss on the lips. They smile at each other - then walk back to Alan's bike, holding hands.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

167 EXT. BRANTFORD RIVER - REESTABLISHING - DAY - WINTER

167*

The old mill house, frosted with snow, is looking better than ever. An ANNEX in the same style of architecture has been added. The ARCHWAY SIGN has been modified to read: "PARRISH SHOES. FIVE GENERATIONS OF QUALITY."

168 INT. "PARRISH SHOES" - TOP FLOOR OFFICE HALLWAY

168

ALAN, 37 again, walks down a comfortable, picture-lined hall. His hair is neatly trimmed, his tie tucked in and his shirt sleeves rolled up. MARTY, a put-upon-looking accountant is next to him.

MARTY

The retailers are furious that you're planning to give away all those shoes again this Christmas...

ALAN

Marty - the kids I've giving these shoes to aren't going to go out and buy ninety dollar sneakers, anyway. It's not like anyone's going to lose business...

Marty looks at him, shaking his head.

(CONTINUED)

168 CONTINUED:

163

MARTY

Yeah - except us...

(CONTINUED)

168 CONTINUED: (2)

168

ALAN

Look at it like this: when these kids grow
up and get jobs, they'll remember Parrish
Shoes and become loyal customers...

CARL BENTLEY, now 45, in suit and tie, steps out from an OPEN
OFFICE DOOR as they pass - almost as if he'd been waiting.

CARL

(as if completing Alan's
thought)

It's an investment in our future...

He puts an arm around Marty, giving Alan a conspiratorial wink.

CARL

(steering Marty into the office!
So why don't you just come in and we'll
work out the details..?)

Marty sighs, knowing he's defeated. As Alan shuts the door, we
see the SIGN on it: "CARL BENTLEY - PRESIDENT"

169 EXT. PARRISH HOUSE - NIGHT - WINTER

169

The house as we first saw it in 1969, except now it's gaily
decorated with Christmas lights and wreaths. A Christmas tree
twinkles within, and we can see that a big party is in progress.
A car comes down the street and pulls into the driveway.

170 INT. PARRISH HOUSE - KITCHEN

170

Alan, dressed in a Santa suit with beard, is on the phone,
talking over the noise of the party. In the B.G., we see DISHES
OF PREPARED FOOD. The room is very lived in, with lots of toys,
lunch boxes, etc. scattered over everything.

ALAN

... And the hiking boot line's been doing
really great... yeah, it's been an
incredible year... Thanks.

The kitchen door opens - and SARAH, several months pregnant and
radiant, stands in the doorway.

SARAH

They're here, hon.

ALAN

I gotta run, Dad - my new marketing
director just showed up. Give Mom my
love... I'll pick you up at the airport
Christmas Eve... Bye.

(CONTINUED)

170 CONTINUED:

He hangs up and takes two shoe boxes off the counter, wrapped in Christmas ribbons.

171 INT. FOYER - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

The room's crowded with PARTYERS and all decked out for Christmas. Alan enters and finds Sarah standing with a smartly dressed MAN in his mid-30's and a charming-looking WOMAN.

(CONTINUED)

171 CONTINUED:

ALAN
Jim! Glad you made it!

JIM
Thanks... This is my wife, Martha.

MARTHA
Pleased to meet you.

JIM
(looking around)
And where are the kids..?

ALAN
(beaming)
Here they are...

With that, two CHILDREN push through the crowd - none other than
Judy and Peter, at the ages we last saw them.

MARTHA
(puzzled)
How'd you know?

SARAH
Just a guess.

Alan and Sarah look at them, trying to contain the emotion
welling up inside, wondering if the kids'll recognize them.
Alan pulls the Santa beard and hat from his face.

JIM
Well, you're right - these are our
children, Judy and Peter... Kids - meet
Mr. and Mrs. Parrish.

PETER
Hi.

JUDY
Nice to meet you.

Alan looks over at Sarah, and they exchange a heartfelt, private
smile - then:

SARAH
We feel like we already know you.

(CONTINUED)

171 CONTINUED: (2)

171

ALAN
(quickly covering)
... We've heard so much about you.

And he hands the Christmasy shoeboxes to Judy and Peter.

ALAN
Merry Christmas.

The kids start unwrapping the boxes as Alan and Sarah watch, utterly absorbed by their happiness at seeing them. After a moment, Alan snaps out of it. To Jim:

ALAN
So... when can you start?

JIM
Well, actually, Martha and I were thinking about taking a little skiing trip up in the Canadian Rockies - you know, kind of a second honeymoon-

ALAN AND SARAH
NO!!!

Everyone stops, startled by their vehemence.

(CONTINUED)

171 CONTINUED: (3)

171

ALAN

Sorry, it's just we -

SARAH

- really need to get the campaign for the
new line going.

JIM

No problem - I can start next week.

Judy and Peter excitedly open the boxes and pull out super
stylish, state-of-the-art SNEAKERS. Reading the LOGO:

JUDY

Ju...man...ji's!

ALAN

What do you think?

(CONTINUED)

171 CONTINUED: (5)

171

PETER

That's a weird name for a sneaker.

Alan and Sarah exchange a look: the kids don't remember.

ALAN

(after a moment)

Come on - let me introduce you to everyone...

As Alan and Sarah start to lead Judy and Peter through the crowd, we DOLLY to Martha and Jim, lingering to look around at the room:

MARTHA

This is such a wonderful house...

JIM

Yeah - wouldn't Nora love to get her hands on a place like this?

As they start following Alan and Sarah, CAMERA pulls away, moving towards the wall - stopping at a PAINTING: a huge BEACHSCAPE...

171A*** OMIT

171A*

172 *** OMIT

172*

173 EXT. A ROCKY BEACH - DAY

173

Two distant figures stroll towards camera. Moving closer, reveal two 12 year-old girls walking on the wet sand.

GIRL #1

(in French)

My mother and father are always
criticizing me - they never let me have
any fun...

GIRL #2

It's the same way at my house - nobody
appreciates me...

TILT DOWN as the foamy surf rolls in, splashing on the beach. The JUMANJI BOX lies partly buried in the sand at the surf's edge, directly in the girl's path.

The ominous JUNGLE THEME MUSIC comes up.

FADE TO BLACK